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## Diary of the Week.

MR. ROOSEVELT maintains, in the last phases of his fight for the Presidential nomination, all his animal vitality and egoism, but the "machine" which he is fighting retains its solid discipline. The talk of a stampede from the Taft forces, which filled the press on the eve of the Convention with anticipations of a Roosevelt victory, has been falsified by events. There were processions and mass meetings, vituperative speeches, and, above all, wild talk of the purchase of negro votes. Mr. Roosevelt broke all precedent by appearing himself in Chicago as the conquering hero. His strategy was very simple. It was to appeal to the Convention to undo the work of its Committee, and to disqualify all the Taftite delegates whom he "contested," and replace them by the Roosevelt list. There was also the inevitable conflict on the nomination of a Chairman. The voting on both issues proved that the Taftite forces held together. On Tuesday, the vote for Mr. Root's nomination to the chair gave them 558 over 502, and on Wednesday, on the list question, 563 over 510. The oratory was, on both days, an outrageous exchange of personalities, with talk of robbery, bribery, and fraud.

THE descriptive accounts of the proceedings read like a record of a schoolboys' "rag," dashed with

hysteria. One demonstration lasted for three quarters of an hour; delegates started round the room in procession, and attempted to storm the platform. A strong force of armed police prevented any actual conflict. But there is method in this madness, and it revealed two streams of tendency in the Roosevelt party. At one point it exhausted itself in an ovation for Mr. Hadley, the spokesman of the party, and at once the conclusion was reached that he would be put forward as a compromise candidate.

THE other section, led by one of the women delegates from California, who alternately waved and kissed a big portrait of the hero, then fell to singing "We want Teddy." At midnight the megaphones summoned the Rooseveltians to a conclave, at which the great man advocated a "bolt," and proposed that the defeated minority should claim to be the Republican Party, and nominate him to "fight the battle of the Lord." It is unlikely, however, that his men will follow him in this extreme course. Not the least amusing feature of the proceedings was the presence of Mr. Bryan as a reporter at the press table. From his detached Democratic standpoint, he sympathises with the Rooseveltians. But perhaps the sympathy is not wholly disinterested. The chances are that Mr. Roosevelt will make Mr. Bryan the next President of the States.

ON Monday, Mr. Pease introduced the Reform Bill in a lucid speech. It confers the Parliamentary vote on "every male person," other than convicts, lunatics, and aliens, who has completed six months' residence in one constituency, or six months' occupation of the same premises, and has attained the age of twenty-one. Occupiers alone, however, will vote for town and county councils. The ownership and lodger franchises are retained for parish councils in England, and for all local government elections in Scotland and Ireland. Married women are still excluded from the English town and county council franchise. In short, all the complications of the various local franchises in the three kingdoms are retained.

THE great simplification is continuous registration. Lists of residents and occupiers will be compiled by the clerks of the borough and county, after a canvass made annually by the overseers, and kept up to date month by month by supplementary lists, so that an elector's name will appear on the lists the moment he is qualified, and if he removes he will retain his old qualification for six months. Plural registration is forbidden. A man must choose which of his qualifications he will use, and will be punished for a corrupt practice if he votes twice at the same General Election. The University seats are abolished, and this, with the reduction of the Irish seats, will make a House of 600. Revising barristers are abolished, and contested claims referred to the County Courts. Some 574,000 plural and graduate voters will be struck off, and about 2,500,000 new voters created, raising the male electorate from eight to ten millions.

On the same terms there would be 10,500,000 women. The Bill comes into force on June 1st, 1914.

THE debate was of slight interest. Mr. F. E. Smith criticised details, but did not venture on any general declaration of war, put forward no rival Tory theory of the franchise, and spent most of his time in arguing there would be no time to pass the Bill this year. Mr. Henderson, the only Labor spokesman, announced that he would oppose the Bill on Third Reading if women are not included in it, and Mr. D. M. Mason divided the House on a motion to refuse the Bill a first reading on the ground that the Government should itself enfranchise women instead of leaving their fate to be decided by an amendment. Fifty Unionists supported him. The first suffragist move will clearly be to remove the restriction of the Bill to "male" persons in the first line. Thereafter two procedures are possible. Amendments may be proposed enfranchising women on a descending scale—(1) on the full adult suffrage basis; failing that, on (2) the Norwegian basis (occupiers *plus* the wives of occupiers); and, finally, on the "conciliation" basis (occupiers only). Another plan would be, after removing the restriction to males, to propose that all women who are local government electors shall also have the Parliamentary vote. On Clause II., from this assured basis, it would be possible to expand and reform the municipal register. Any extension so won would apply automatically to the women's Parliamentary franchise also.

THE reckless attempt to involve the ports in a national strike has definitely broken down. The London transport workers hold out, and appeal for funds to the trade unions, but they are obviously beaten, the more so as the Government have practically withdrawn their plan of voluntary confederation. An attempt was made to secure a second intervention by way of a Ministerial effort to bring about a meeting of employers' and workers' organisations, and Mr. Asquith's reply was sympathetic. But the masters—under the guidance of Lord Devonport—have apparently reverted to union smashing. Last week Sir George Asquith informed the Port of London Authority that he thought a settlement might be arrived at on the basis of a resumption of work, if the employers would agree to meet the men's representatives within a reasonable period. Lord Devonport's reply was a categorical refusal to allow the Government to make any such promise to the men.

BUT the Port Authority appear also to have embarked on a policy not far removed from terrorism. On Wednesday, Mr. J. M. Robertson admitted that they were requiring men who had been on strike, and who were previously registered on the permanent staff, to sign a document on their return to work placing them in the "B" or casual labor class. A more wanton attempt to destroy the policy of decasualisation, to which all reformers of Port labor are committed, we cannot imagine, and in face of it the Government cannot hold its hands. Dr. Addison stated that the men thus degraded would forfeit their right to sick pay, holidays, and pensions. It is, we think, unfortunate that the Government has no power to dismiss Lord Devonport from a position for which he is plainly unfit. But the Port Authority was constituted by Parliament, and what Parliament has done it can undo or modify. The men have made great mistakes, and their leaders at least deserve no sympathy. But the public is not willing to see them forced back into the miseries of the ante-dock strike period.

"TACTICS" have again ruled the conduct of the case against the Home Rule Bill. On Wednesday, Mr. W. H. Dickinson—a Single-Chamber Radical—moved an amendment for doing away with the Irish Senate. Thereupon the Prime Minister, as a Second-Chamber man, opposed Mr. Dickinson and adhered to the Senate, which is, of course, the most important of the safeguards for property and the Ulster interests. The Opposition—who are both for Ulster and for Second Chambers—then supported the Single-Chamber amendment. The intention was to wreck the Bill, disguised under the plea that as the Unionists are for local government and not for Home Rule, the appropriate form of a measure of Irish reform should be uni-cameral. The Labor Party refused to assist this intrigue, and the amendment was carried by a Government majority of 89—288 to 199.

MEANWHILE, the Government have passed quite safely and quietly one of the most dangerous passages of the Bill. This was the proposal, emanating chiefly from a small group of Scottish Home Rulers, to eliminate the four dissenting Ulster counties from the Bill. A section of the Cabinet might have been willing to allow these counties to decide whether, after a fair trial of the Home Rule experiment, they preferred to become an *enclave* under the direct rule of the Imperial Parliament. But, of course, it is impossible to set up a maimed nationality, and thus undermine the case for Home Rule under the Act for setting it up, especially as Sir Edward Carson and the Orangemen no more accept truncated Home Rule than Home Rule on a national basis.

MR. BONAR LAW was, as usual, violent without force, declaring that, if Ulster resistance were to be put down by soldiers, the Government which gave the order would run the risk of being lynched. The majority of 69—320 against 251—was the smallest which the Committee debates have yielded, but it revealed few Liberal dissentients. Three Scottish Liberals—Mr. Cowan, Mr. Pirie, and Mr. Munro Ferguson—joined Mr. Agar-Robartes and Sir Clifford Cory in voting or telling with the Opposition. But the chief cause of the fall in the majority has been the abstention of the Labor members. This is the first important sign of the weakening of the Liberal and Labor *entente*, and it should not be neglected. Its immediate causes were the labor campaign at Holmfirth, and dissatisfaction with the form of the Minimum Wage Act.

THE Home Secretary has, we are glad to see, refused his assent to the proposal to deport Signor Malatesta, and the country is thus fortified afresh against a serious breach of the right of asylum. We hope Mr. McKenna will take an equally reasonable view of the case of the suffragists. It is not free from complications and difficulties, which are increased by the senseless irritations of the last few days. The point is that Mrs. Pankhurst and her friends have been made first-class misdemeanants, while the rank and file of the movement, who have been convicted on charges of window-breaking, are denied the protection of Mr. Churchill's rule. Whereupon Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence begin a hunger-strike of sympathy. How is it possible to say that the leaders are political prisoners and are to be treated as such, while the followers are average criminals? And would it not be better to cut the knot by ordering an early release of the window-breaking brigade? The sentences had a certain

character of panic, for the offences were trivial and were more amenable to fine than to imprisonment.

We profess ourselves quite unable to comprehend the policy of piling up Naval pageants. It is proper enough, no doubt, that the people should have some imaginative view of a great and historic arm of defence like the Fleet. But what point is there in following up the very recent Royal review by a Parliamentary review on July 9th, the attraction of which is to be a spectacle of thirty miles of extended warships, with aeroplane and submarine practice thrown in? These displays are very costly, they have no tactical or scientific point or interest; they are, in effect, circus shows for amateurs to look at. They fatigue and worry officers and men, and they give national policy and strength a megalomaniac air. If Mr. Churchill is responsible for this over-doing of the Navy, we tell him frankly that we think it is a great mistake. It is against the dignity of the House of Commons to be a special object of expensive junketings, and it is against the public interest to associate the Government—more especially a Liberal Government—with them.

THE House of Lords has finally decided against the attempt of a section of the High Church party to contract out of the obligations imposed on the clergy by the Deceased Wife's Sister Act of 1907. Their action was based on the rather obscure proviso in Clause I. of the Act, which protects a clergyman from legal action based on conduct which was lawful before the Act was passed. On this ground, Canon Thompson endeavored to exclude Mr. and Mrs. Banister from Communion, declaring that they were "open and notorious evil livers." Had his action been supported by the Courts, the Act would have been a dead letter as far as the clergy of the Establishment were concerned, the independence of Church law over State law would have been set up, and the executants of the former could have branded citizens acting in precise conformity with the latter as odious and immoral. The House of Lords has now finally rejected this claim. In delivering judgment, the ex-Lord Chancellor said that Canon Thompson's contention was equivalent to saying that a clergyman who disapproved of the Act might celebrate a bigamous marriage in favor of a man already married to his deceased wife's sister. Lord Ashbourne also said that "a marriage of unimpeachable legality could not be a cause for refusing Communion," and the other judges concurred. The legal battle, therefore, is finished, and the extremists will have to decide between lawlessness and submission.

THE most important evidence in the "Titanic" inquiry was that of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous Polar explorer, who gave a very decided opinion on the speed of the vessel through the ice-area. After he had stated that he thought that a look-out ought to be stationed in the stem of such a ship as well as in the crow's-nest, the following colloquy took place:—

"Passing through a zone in which you had had ice reported, would you take precautions as to the look-out?—I would take the ordinary precaution of slowing down.

"And supposing that you were going 21 to 22 knots, I suppose that would be an additional reason for slowing down?—You have no right to go at that speed in an ice-zone."

Later on Sir Ernest was questioned on the statement by some Atlantic captains as to the practice of running full speed through ice. He answered:—

"I think those gentlemen have been acting under the instructions of owners. It is my view that there

is a general feeling amongst people at sea that you have to make your passage, and that if you do not, it is not so good for you."

ON Friday week the British Medical Association had the lesson which it has long been courting read to it in the Law Courts. It has had to pay £2,000 to Dr. Bell, a regular practitioner, for calling him a quack, and saying that he wrote his books for "personal gain," or from "vanity or ignorance." Dr. Bell's offence was that he considered cancer a disease of the blood, associated with meat-eating, and that its presence could be detected in the blood. The last statement appears to be doubtful; to the first and second neither the British Medical Association nor anybody else can give a decisive reply, for the obvious reason that the cause and nature of the disease are unknown. The medical profession are investigating it. In a word, the theory of cancer is quite unsettled, and is, therefore, open to speculation and well-conducted experiment. But this did not prevent the most intolerant trade union in this country from branding Dr. Bell's methods as "quackery."

A MESSAGE from the "Times" correspondent in Teheran makes it clear that the British and Russian Ministers have already approached the Persian Government to secure its assent to the Trans-Persian railway scheme. Clearly, it can no longer be regarded merely as a financiers' project. This correspondent appears to favor the scheme, but does not disguise his opinion that its cost will vastly exceed the estimate, that it will serve little commercial use, and that it will require continual subsidies from the two Governments. In frank contrast is a letter of unflinching opposition from the military correspondent of the "Times," who, after reciting many objections to the scheme, agrees with its Liberal critics in regarding it as a grave danger to Indian defence, since it traverses the desert buffer area. He adds that the Indian Government and Indian Defence Committee have never been consulted on the principle, though they may have been asked for an opinion on the details of certain variants in the route. Commercially, the only useful line to our trade would be one from a point on the Gulf near Momammal, running northwards.

THE French scheme for proportional representation makes slow and uncertain progress in the Chamber. It started as an unofficial Bill, and was gradually amended into such inconsistent complications that M. Poincaré, who had not hitherto committed his Government, came forward at length to withdraw it, and to substitute an official Bill in its place. It divides France into large constituencies, usually Departments, and generally returning seven members. The voting is not for candidates, but for party lists. An arrangement may be made between parties for the affiliation of these lists, and in such cases surplus votes or unutilised votes are redistributed. But the process is complicated by a singular feature. A premium is given to the party of the majority, with the object of emphasising its predominance. This is not proportional representation in any real sense of the word. It leaves only a limited choice to the elector, glorifies the caucus, and aggrandises the dominant party. But it is thought, none the less, that it will secure fairer representation for minorities. In France it will strengthen the party system, as surely as proportional representation, on Lord Courtney's lines, would in England weaken it.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE REFORM BILL AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE Franchise Bill which Mr. Pease introduced on Monday will remain for many months a provoking mark of interrogation among the assertions and denials of our politics. It is one of two things. It comes before us an indispensable and long overdue but by no means exciting project of registration reform. It will emerge from debate, if the progressive parties are true to themselves, the vehicle of the most fundamental act of emancipation in our social history. There is only one parallel to this uncertainty which we can recall, and by a hopeful coincidence it also was a Reform Bill. Disraeli's Household Franchise Measure of 1867 was drafted on a cautious and uninspiring basis of compromise. When it emerged from Committee, Britain had become a democracy. In many respects the Bill, even as it stands, is far from being a small or inconsiderable piece of legislation. It makes an end of plural voting. It frankly recognises residence as the only indispensable condition for the exercise of a citizen's right of sovereignty. It will add at least two million names to the voters' register. But in all this necessary work upon the machinery of popular government, it lacks the human and social interest of the three historical Reform Bills. It adds indeed a larger number of electors to the roll than any of its predecessors. But it emancipates no subject class and raises the status of no body of men who labor under the stigma of deliberate exclusion from the franchise. It happens to-day to rich and poor alike that the delays of registration and its technical absurdities debar too many of us too often from the possibility of casting a vote. These anomalies are annoying to the individual, and because they vex the poor more often than the well-to-do they do amount to a class injustice. But no householder who is debarred from voting because he removed at the wrong time, or failed to satisfy the latch-key test, imagines that any doubt has been thrown upon his capacity to perform the functions of a citizen, and he knows, as a woman does not, that his point of view will be well represented at the polls. The two million men whose chances of securing a vote will be ensured by this Bill are not, like the town workmen of 1867 and the agricultural laborers of 1884, a well-defined class excluded hitherto by reason of their poverty. They represent rather the leakage of the present system, the men who might vote in one year to find themselves excluded in the next. The Bill will, therefore, become a true and great act of emancipation only if the House extends it to women. They are the one body of citizens excluded by a disability which involves a denial of human right. It turns on the momentous decision to be taken in Committee whether the Bill shall remain no more than a useful amendment of our registration machinery, or whether it shall put the seal of national recognition on the transformation which two generations of social change have slowly brought about in the position of women.

The debate on the First Reading of the Bill pro-

duced no challenge from the Conservative benches of the fundamental theory on which it rests. There is, or was, a Conservative theory of the franchise which is entitled to respect as an intellectual attitude, but it found no place in Mr. F. E. Smith's detailed and qualified criticism of the Bill. That theory denies that the franchise is a right, and insists rather that the State, to ensure its own stability or progress, may at will enfranchise this class or the other. Such reasoning has lost its vital force. The principles of the philosophic Radicals have woven themselves inextricably into the thinking of every party. We assume that a right of citizenship belongs to all who can be affected for good or evil by government. The vote is not merely a means of performing a duty and service to the State. It is an indispensable means of protection in a world where for good or ill the State intervenes with increasing intimacy and insistence in the details of daily life. It is this which makes a case for woman suffrage which no conscious democrat can consistently resist. It is this also which makes the foundation of the Benthamite maxim that each should count as one, and no one as more than one. What is at issue is not merely the welfare of the community, but the fortunes also of the individual. No stake and no interest is greater than another, for the stake of every human personality is his own liberty and prosperity. From these premises, the only equitable basis of the franchise is "one adult one vote." We question, indeed, whether the Tory Party will make to-day any serious effort to defend plural voting by deliberate argument. There is no popular audience in these islands which would listen with patience to a theoretic justification of a rich man's claim to multiply his votes in proportion to his riches. The poor know too well that the abolition of plural votes will leave to the wealth that dominates the village, permeates the factory, owns the Press, and controls the party machine, an influence which no Reform Bill can touch.

There is more room for real debate when we turn from the theory to the details and machinery of the Bill. The mechanism of continuous registration will probably be costly, but it gives promise of simplicity and efficiency. The imposition of a heavy penalty for plural voting is certainly the best way of dealing with a practice which no machinery of checks could hope to overtake. There is, we think, a good case for lowering the period of qualification still further from six to three months, and a still stronger case for raising the age of full citizenship from twenty-one to twenty-five, or at least to twenty-three. At his legal majority the youth of the middle-classes is still a student in his profession or an apprentice in his business, whose judgment no real experience of life has ripened. Maturity comes earlier to the manual worker, but the period of irresponsibility rarely ends before marriage. But the really contentious feature in the mechanism of the Bill is, to our thinking, the retention of the occupier's qualification. It is a great thing to have recognised simple residence as a sufficient title to a place on the register. But in practice occupation retains all its old importance. The "resident" voters will include, without risk of tech-



nicality or dispute, the lodger (however low the value of his room), the latch-key voter (rescued finally from the menace of *Kent v. Fittall*), the son living with his parents, even in a working-class home, and male domestic servants. But residence carries with it no right to the municipal vote, and for that reason every man who can, by hook or crook, set up a claim to "occupy," will prefer to be registered on that ground, with the inevitable consequence that claims will be multiplied in the County Courts.

The weakness of the Bill, therefore, lies in the failure to reform the municipal franchise. So far from complicating the Bill, it would have greatly simplified it if occupancy had disappeared and residence had been recognised as the sole basis of a single franchise for every electoral purpose. What is a small anomaly in the case of men is here a serious grievance in the case of women. All the baffling complications of the present system are elaborately reproduced in this Bill. There will be three distinct registers in England, and two in Scotland and Ireland. We have criticised the Conciliation Bill, because it rested on a property basis and because it would not enfranchise in appreciable numbers the wives and mothers of the community. But the Government's Bill formally perpetuates for municipal purposes this very selection of single women and widows on this same basis of occupation. The principles of democracy have their application to local as well as to national government, and to women as well as to men.

These detailed questions require examination, but they lack the significance of the one human issue which depends on this Bill. Mr. Pease defended its trust in the people qualified by prudence. Trust in the people qualified by sex-exclusion would be a more appropriate definition. As the Bill stands, its fundamental principle is that "every male person" who has reached the age of twenty-one is fitted to share in ruling that subject-class which includes his own mother. We do not care to dwell on that theme, because we refuse to believe that a House which reckons a large majority of suffragists can delay to remove what is a challenge to the self-respect of women, and an imputation on the enlightenment of men. For our part we deprecate a too early resort to compromise. There is no argument against the full enfranchisement of women as "residents" on the same terms as men, except the fact that such a basis would give them an excess over men of half-a-million votes. Men who themselves see how contemptible that argument is on any plane of intellectual self-respect, ought not to yield to this prejudice until they have exhausted the resources of argument and organisation. To yield to it is to admit that women are a class which might find itself indifferent to every tie of principle or party, united in a solid antagonism to men. But while we should deprecate a premature compromise, it is necessary to protest at least as strongly against the assumption cherished by the "Times," and apparently by some Liberal opponents of woman suffrage, that the defeat of the extreme but logical proposal would end the debate. The Prime Minister has stipulated for a discussion "of

the whole question," and manifestly if the widest solution were to be rejected, the obligation to test what support there is for less sweeping schemes would remain to be fulfilled. Most Liberals would welcome the enfranchisement of women who are occupiers, together with the wives of occupiers, and, in the last resort, it would be possible to propose the enfranchisement of occupiers alone. There will, we hope, be no burking of debate, and no attempt to exclude any reasonable solution. There is a fear among party men, to which the hostile vote of the Nationalist members gave pointed expression in March, that a discussion of this question may have a disruptive effect on party unity. A failure to enfranchise women this year would create a still graver danger. It would mean the loss of many Liberal women's support and the accession of powerful forces to Labor. But worse than these losses would be the diminution of moral prestige which comes of trifling with a demand so earnest and so vital.

#### THE PERPLEXITIES OF TORY TACTICS.

THE Tory Party is in one of its recurring quandaries about tactics. This is the old difficulty with modern Toryism. It has no principles, because it is entirely concerned with interests, and no policy, because policy must flow from principles. Therefore, its concern must be so to conduct itself as to persuade all the interests to combine to return it to power. And that, again, is a matter of real complication. For one powerful set of interests is convinced that its cause is best served by Protection. And Protection, again, is open to the special objection that while nominally it ministers to the wants of a whole nation, in reality it is separatist in working, and merely serves one set of producers at the expense of others, while sacrificing the entire body of consumers. As it happens, the scheme of Chamberlainite Protection, which has been forced on Toryism by circumstances and by the will of its constructor, begins and ends with the taxation of food. Without such taxation, there is no hope either of attracting the farmers, or of promoting Colonial preferences, or of retaliating on hostile tariffs. And, on the other hand, what the "Times" correspondent calls the "fear of the rise in the cost of food under Tariff Reform" forces the candidates in rural constituencies in which the industrial or the laboring element predominates—and all rural constituencies are now of this character—either to oppose Protection, or to shuffle about it. Gentlemen of especial vagueness of mind, or of a highly accommodating faculty, combine these courses, after the fashion of Mr. Ellis, the representative of constitutionalism in Holmfirth. Mr. Ellis informed the electors first that he did "not believe in taxing bread," and would "never be a party to the putting of any kind of taxation on food;" then that he limited his objection to food taxes to the present Parliament; and, finally, that he had never "thrown over Tariff Reform." To this game of equivocation, the Protectionists retort by threatening a revival of Confederacy, with "ample means" at its disposal, with which to place in the field candidates in opposition to those Tories who either

"repudiate Tariff Reform," or put it "in the background of their programme." Practically, therefore, the Conservative Party, after years of internal agitation, proscription, and intrigue over the policy of Protection, are still intriguing, proscribing, and agitating against each other as hard as ever.

It is this specially domestic exacerbation which accounts first for the violence of the current Tory propaganda and secondly for its sterility. Take Mr. Garvin. The Editor of the "Observer" is well aware that a party of negation does not thrive. He has tried to give Toryism an Irish policy and a social reform policy. He has failed in both objects. So this powerful energumen calls on his party at least to be energetic, to conceal by incessant and violent demonstration the fact that it lacks the only excuse for violence, which is moral earnestness, or intellectual conviction, or both. It is to keep up a "disciplined storm," "to stop all business in the House of Commons, and drown every Ministerial speaker by the steady cry of 'Dissolve!' 'Dissolve!'" maintaining the while a nicely calculated less or more between "disciplined" rowdiness and "personal insult." Mr. Garvin has the Irish precedent in view; but he ignores the not inconsiderable distinction between an old British constitutional party and a practically outlawed nationality, forcing its policy on Parliament through the disorganisation of the House of Commons. All this sensational apparatus of Counter-Revolutions is out of date. All that the country asks of the Tory Party is a policy. It has none. Why then, should it pull down the House of Commons to show the nakedness of its own dwelling?

But perhaps it is on the obstruction and defeat of Acts of Parliament, rather than on the disintegration of Parliament itself, that the Tory Party will elect to stand with the constituencies. On this ground, indeed, we observe that it has gone back to its Duchesses. "On behalf of the counties of Wilts and Somerset, we do not like the Act of Mr. Lloyd George's." So writes the Duchess of Somerset in the "Daily Mail," which should add to its abundant store of bye-products a Manual for the Use of Illiterate Aristocrats. "We" also, it seems, object to keeping the children of the workers at school after the age of thirteen, while "I myself," adds the Duchess, leaving for the moment the "counties of Wilts and Somerset" to speak for their undistinguished selves, "will refuse to have anything to do with stamps or cards." We have some doubt whether the domestic servants of the "counties of Wilts and Somerset" will submit to lose the manifold benefits of the Insurance Act because a Duchess professes herself too idle or too incompetent to do her very modest share in administering them. But we have no doubt at all of the power of the State to make things extremely unpleasant for her if she refuses. For this new development of unsocialism is merely a throw-back to the set against the Land Taxes. "What, tax our land? Tax us for our footmen and housemaids? Give us TROUBLE about something else than our dinners, our dances, and OURSELVES?" Thus, when charged with a trivial act of co-operation in a great measure of health and physical recuperation, speak the inheritors and

representatives of the class which drove the people of England from their fields, robbed them of their commons, forced them into factories and town-alms, sent them in droves to seek homes across the Atlantic and Pacific, and turned our country-side into a place of few masters and many servants. It is easy to see that a caste so selfish, so regardful of its ease, so careless of its social duty, is over-ripe for extinction. But it is harder to divine what account a Conservative Party finds in a policy in which the rich set up lawlessness as a working model for the capricious unrest and disloyalty they are never tired of charging against the poor. Such a Toryism can be as "tactful" as it pleases; but it will never govern England again.

### THE BULL MOOSE OF CHICAGO.

THE Chicago Republican Convention presents a monumental example of the passion for personal power, naked and unashamed. Popular legend puts the following characterisation into the mouth of Mr. Roosevelt's son: "The worst of father is that he must always be 'it.' If he is guest at a wedding, he wants to be the bride. If he attends a funeral, he wants to be the corpse." This week, at any rate, Mr. Roosevelt is "it," not for America only, but for the world, whose eyes are turned to the spectacle of this incarnation of self-will moving heaven and earth—and hell itself—to tear from the grasp of his own familiar friend and nominee the honorable post to which, by every political usage, he was entitled. It is not inordinate ambition—such a phrase gives no inkling of the nature of the man and the proceeding. It is the instinctive lust to be a power-centre, to realise his will, operating upon a colossal scale, in the affairs of men. The frankness of his avowals belongs to the characteristic cunning of such a nature. "I alone can burst the trusts; I alone can break the bosses. I am the necessary man for the salvation of the people." Such supreme self-confidence transcends the bounds of vanity. It plays like a spell upon the imagination of the mass-mind. They feel it to be genuine, and a badge of greatness. So it is. It may fairly be admitted that Theodore Roosevelt is a great man, of a sort. Nor does the acrimony of the political campaign belie his genuine conviction of his "calling." Such a man carries in his breast the sense of destiny. But, all the same, he knows and calculates precisely the present value of each telling sentence. He plays to win, and glories in the mingled craft and brutality of the game. His enemies accuse him of treachery to the friend upon whom he lavishes terms of abuse. But the treachery is merely formal; it is an accessory to the devouring physical passion for fight and victory. He does not make up his mind to injure and malign his friend. But if any person or thing happens to stand in his way, it has got to go, and whatever means are required to remove it must be used.

But this naked personal lust must be floated out into the collective passions of a great national emergency. The stark egoism of a man with two Presidential terms already to his record must 'ware the charge of Cæsarism. Nothing but a sense of the "dire need of the nation" would have induced him to expose himself to such grave

misunderstandings. There is a humorous ingenuousness about the discovery of this "dire need." It is the peril of "boss-rule." There is, in fact, no more boss-rule in America to-day than eight years ago, when Mr. Roosevelt had the Republican machine solidly with him for his candidature. His own intimate relations with some of the most powerful and unscrupulous bosses in New York, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere during his terms of office were notorious. Like every prominent American statesman, he got occasionally at loggerheads with bosses, and talked fierce platitudes against the machine. But he worked it most assiduously and skilfully when it was at his disposal. It is only discovered to be the supreme danger to popular government when it is bound to be against him, and when he thinks he can turn the general tide of popular unrest against it. It is *vieux jeu*, indeed, to tell the people they are betrayed by politicians, by legislative representatives, and by judges, that they are sold to the great trusts and the money power. A whole series of insurrections have been inflamed by these charges and suspicions. Grangers, Greenbackers, Populists, Bryanites, Socialists, all in turn have sworn to save the people from false politicians and their paymasters. Their leaders have formally devoted themselves, as did Mr. Roosevelt last week, in Lincoln's famous words, to "The eternal struggle of right against wrong throughout the world."

To English people, such a scene as that of the Chicago Convention is a colossal Punch-and-Judy show, with quite incredible extravagances and crudities of word and action. The Lord's Prayer, followed by the "Turkey trot," thousands of grown men shouting themselves into excited frenzy, in order to create and register the volume of enthusiasm, the crowing and counter-crowing of the orators upon the rostrum, the unfurling of portraits, and the improvised processions round the hall, the wild invective, the personal charges, challenges to "scrap," and actual "scrapping" for the possession of a State banner—a medley of revivalist meeting, music-hall, and Irish wake—the wild delirium crossed from time to time by streaks of "business," as some resolution is put to a vote, or some Committee makes its report. Can the will of the people actually work in such a scene of abandonment of word and action? It does not. This sound and fury does not signify much. Even when a convention is "stampeded" or "bolted"—note the animal violence of the metaphors—there is nearly always some guiding craft beneath the apparently spontaneous passion of the mob. As we write, it is too early to foretell the issue of the proceedings, but there is always more in them than meets the eye or ear. Deals and intrigues are going on behind the scene, in the hotel parlors, in the committee-rooms, and on the very floor of the meeting. These groups of dervishes have their guiding interests, sometimes even principles. The reins of party discipline are tighter than they seem. If a stampede takes place, it will have been planned; should Governor Hadley, or some other "dark horse," emerge into the glare of daylight, his appearance will have been preconcerted. It is very seldom that the degree of spontaneity which brought out Mr. Bryan in the Democratic Convention of 1896 becomes possible. It will certainly not occur

here. Doubtless behind the scenes some cooler-headed party leaders, supremely concerned to preserve the party solidarity, have been striving for compromise. But what compromise is possible for a man who says he "feels like a bull-moose," and in this capacity proposes to "battle for the Lord"? Well may spectators comment on "the broad, expansive smile" which spreads across the ample dimensions of Mr. Bryan's face as he sits at his reporter's desk in this great assembly, summoned to select his adversary. For no one but Mr. Roosevelt could have secured Mr. Bryan's nomination as Democratic candidate, or given him so good a prospect of becoming President of the United States next year.

## THE TREND OF FOREIGN POLICY.

### VII.—THE FUTURE OF THE BALKANS.

THESE articles started from the premise that whatever the real stake may be in the struggle for a balance of power, it is nothing that can be located in Europe. It is neither frontiers nor acres nor human liberty in the home continent of our civilisation. It is rather a competition to secure "places in the sun" in distant regions for exploitation, and the relations of the Powers are governed by their readiness to assist or frustrate each other in this process by diplomatic and financial means. To this generalisation we must admit one exception. One region of the Old World there is in which territorial changes are possible, and, in the long run, probable. But if the Balkans are geographically a part of Europe, they are sentimentally outside it. It is only under the influence of historical associations that we can think of them as part of the home-lands of European culture, and in that sense Egypt and Asia Minor have almost equal claims on our regard. But to-day even Greeks and Bulgarians talk of Europe as an alien Continent which lies beyond the Balkans. Moreover, perhaps the oddest feature in the present grouping of the Powers is that it never has applied for long together with any approach to steadiness to the problems of the Near East. Austria acted with Russia under the Mürzsteg agreement down to the eve of the Young Turkish revolution, and Germany stood as markedly aloof in Macedonia as she had previously done in Crete. France gave only a passive support (if it amounted to so much) to the Anglo-Russian protests in the Bosnian affair. To-day, the Tripoli adventure has revealed a new combination across both groups of Italy with Russia. The marked antagonism of German to British diplomacy at Constantinople survived the Hamidian era, and may be destined to continue. But neither protagonist can treat the affairs of the Balkans as a simple application of the rivalries of the two groups. In spite of alliances and special agreements there is a fundamental divergence of interest between Austria and Italy over their pretensions to the Adriatic sea-board and Albania. Germany is pro-Turkish by habit, interest, and sentiment, and aims primarily at the pursuit of economic ends in Asiatic Turkey, whose successful prosecution involves her in a steady support of any Turkish régime, whatever its



character or constitution. Austria, when she is pro-Turkish, is so only by opportunism and with reserves, for she never forgets her aim of winning for herself the road to Salonica. To the chief of the more immediate of Russian ends—the opening of the Dardanelles—British policy is by tradition opposed. British and French finance showed powerful cohesion in the recent matter of the Turkish loan, while the Austro-German alliance was dramatically exhibited in the Bosnian affair. Among so many cross-currents, the conventional groupings of the Powers possess only a secondary interest.

In such a world of complications, speculation is almost as futile as it is tempting. A rash and adventurous act taken by any one of the Balkan States while the Italian War lasts, might precipitate a conflict in which all the Greater Powers would be interested if not involved. On the other hand, a settlement of the Tripoli War, and a definition of the status of the Dardanelles, might suffice to ensure for Turkey twenty years of peace, with the bare chance that she would emerge from it so strong that the Eastern Question would have settled itself. Chance will decide, and a rising in Macedonia, or the death of the Austrian Emperor, or a sudden access of "futurism" in high places at Rome, might any day make the decision. Of all the unknown factors, that of the Austrian crown is perhaps the most momentous. The aged Francis Joseph will slumber through the rest of his reign, and it may happen that the internal changes in Austro-Hungary, which are in the long run inevitable, will come too late to affect the Balkans. In any survey of the future of European Turkey, the central fact to remember is that two Powers alone possess sufficient vitality to affect the future of Macedonia. Neither Greece nor Montenegro is negligible, and Serbia in league would count for something. But if there is action, it must come either from Sofia or Vienna. The chances of Austrian expansion in the Balkans, and also the view which disinterested friends of the Balkan peoples would take of such an adventure, depend very largely on her own internal evolution. Dualism is not a tolerable, and cannot be a permanent, system. Croatia cannot much longer be coerced by the Magyars, nor the various branches of the Servian race, divided to-day among Croatia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia, kept in lasting isolation. One day the dream of "Trialism," which the Archduke Francis Ferdinand is believed to entertain, will find its realisation. A third kingdom will be formed, under the Austrian crown, from all the Servian lands within the Empire. If and when that happens, Austria will no longer approach the Balkan Slavs as an alien Power. She will touch the Peninsula through this Croato-Servian kingdom, and she will exercise inevitably all the attraction of a common language with a superior culture. Whether the present Kingdom of Serbia would then wish to preserve its identity, landlocked, subject to economic boycotts and military threats, for the sole satisfaction of retaining its own disreputable native dynasty, may be questioned. If it did stand out for separation, it would probably fail. Conceive such a consolidation of the Servian race, with an autonomous existence, and all the resources of a Great Power behind it, and the absorption within it of the Slav portions of

Macedonia, at least so far as the Vardar Valley, would become their "manifest destiny." The village population of Macedonia (excluding the Greek South) is undoubtedly Slav, but its attachment here to Servian, or there to Bulgarian, influences, is a matter of pure politics, and nowhere has this partisanship a long history behind it. No substantial wrong could be done to race or nationality, whatever the lines of partition might be between an Austro-Servian and a Bulgarian system. But such speculations as these belong as yet to the cloud-land of politics. Austria is still an alien Power, a German Power, a Power which divides to rule, and regards the whole Servian race, whether in Croatia, or Bosnia, or Serbia proper, as so much material to repress and dominate. While that lasts, no friend of liberty could regard the entry of Austria into the Balkan system with any degree of optimism.

It is easier to define the ends which on a Liberal view of policy we should wish British diplomacy to follow in the Balkans, than to make even the most cautious forecast of the future. With the case for an understanding with Germany over the Bagdad Railway we have dealt already, and this once attained would react on the whole attitude of both Powers in Eastern questions. The restoration of the Concert would then become a possibility, and the very fact that the Powers in Turkish matters are not clearly ranged in two solid groups would aid its work. We deprecate for our part any attempt to obstruct a reasonable settlement of the Dardanelles question. Had Russia been allowed an exit there a generation ago, one may doubt whether she would ever have gone to Port Arthur or schemed to reach the Persian Gulf. No arrangement so unnatural can be permanent. But if Russia is to gain an exit from the Black Sea, it follows that the navies of other Powers must have an entry, and nothing ought to infringe the right of Turkey to close the Straits under actual danger, as a defensive measure in time of war. It is clearly in the interests of peace and the normal development of the Balkan races that its too numerous States should be encouraged to form the closest associations, both economic and political. That movement has indeed already gone far. Greeks and Bulgars have refrained for two years from internecine strife in Macedonia; the sage statesmanship of M. Venizelos may have carried the understanding far beyond the negative phase. Some measure of union has lately been reached also between Serbia and Bulgaria. It is useless to disguise the fact that such associations are always in the minds of those who make them a preparation for dividing Turkish territory. But their future lies with the Turks themselves. If they are incapable of the wisdom of giving to Macedonia and Albania some qualified form of Home Rule which would ensure decent government, partition, even if Austria were to share in it, would be an alternative preferable to any return to the shams of the Mürzsteg programme. The Balkan Committee, it seems to us, has adopted the wise attitude. Let us urge the Turks, in the friendliest accents we can command, to take spontaneous action to put their house in order. If they are incapable of that, Europe would have no moral right to veto the intervention of the Balkan States.

## THE NEW PERIL TO INDIA.

IN the papers of June 12th, among the Parliamentary proceedings of the previous day we read the following report:—

## THE INDO-RUSSIAN RAILWAY.

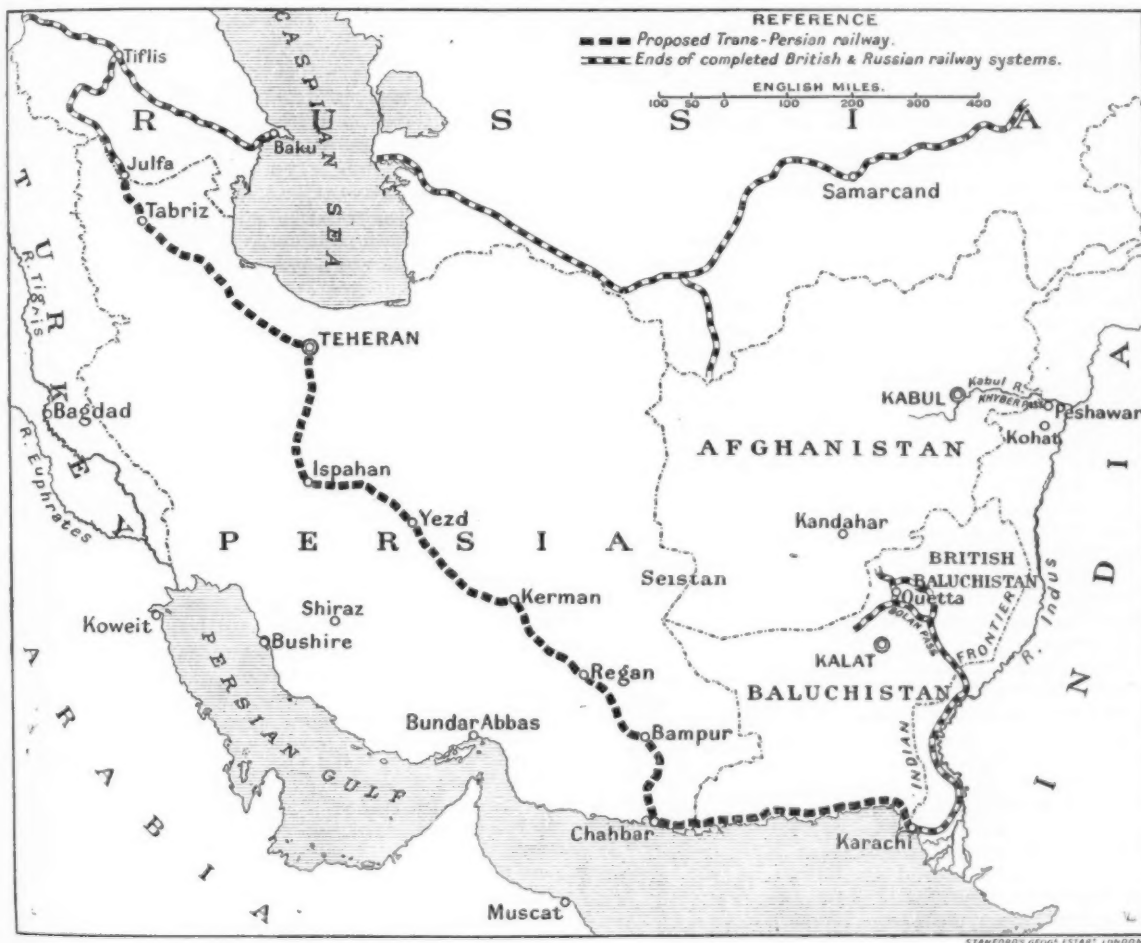
"Mr. W. MITCHELL-THOMSON (U—North Down) asked whether the proposals for the representation of each of the three Powers on the Société d'Etudes for the construction of the Trans-Persian line had been accepted as satisfactory in principle by His Majesty's Government; and, if so, when papers would be laid.

"MR. ACLAND answered the first part of the question in the affirmative. With regard to the second part, he added that no useful purpose would be served by laying papers at present, because there was so little that was definite to be said on the subject."

In its air of fixed reserve, the second part of that answer maintains only too closely the attitude of the Foreign Office throughout its dealings in regard to

International relations, there was nothing left but to make the best of it.

And now that the Convention has not only proved derogatory to the independence and sovereignty of Persia, but has all but accomplished the ruin of both, we are confronted with the next issue proceeding from it. We are confronted with the so-called Trans-Persian Railway—that is to say, a railway uniting the Russian railway system at Baku (which is most convenient for troops coming from Moscow) or at Tiflis (most convenient for Batoum) with the British Indian railway system at Karachi, a point of the highest strategic importance, just inside our Indian frontier. And the danger is that as we were let in for the Convention without our knowledge, so at the present moment we are being let in for the railway, which implies an even more perilous reversal of the principles of Imperial policy.



Persia since the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Convention in September, 1907. We cannot but remember that the Convention itself was published immediately after the end of the Session, so that all question and discussion upon a subject so vital to our own interests and the interests of a nation which regarded us specially as its protectors were avoided till the following February. We were then informed by Sir Edward Grey that the spheres into which the Convention divided Persia were "only British and Russian spheres in a sense which is in no way derogatory to the independence and sovereignty of Persia." Tragic words in view of last winter's events! But at the time those who plainly foresaw almost every step that led to those events, had to find what consolation they could in the words. For the Convention pledging this country to an entirely new and very dubious policy had been signed, sealed, and delivered in the dark, without a word to Parliament, and, short of a general overthrow of the Government and our

For about two years past we have observed the ominous situation, and have warned our readers. It was some relief when the Moscow merchants opposed the scheme as damaging to their trade; and again when last year the Russian Minister of Finance declared the scheme must involve no obligation on the Russian Treasury. But meantime the negotiations have continued, and lately we have been allowed glimpses of them. First, we were told that a group of Russian, French, and English financiers had subscribed a certain sum "for the preliminary survey," and that a "Société d'Etudes" was meeting in Paris. In February Sir Edward Grey informed Parliament that the Government was favorable to the scheme, under certain conditions. Early in May, answering Mr. Morrell, he observed that the matter was not urgent—that "it was not sufficiently advanced for the Government to put a proposal before the Persian Government or anyone." At the beginning of this month Reuter's Agency informed the

world that the financial groups above-mentioned had been discussing the railway with the Foreign Office, the India Office, and the Board of Trade. Now, on Monday week, Mr. Acland, speaking for the Foreign Office, declares that the Government has "in principle" accepted the proposals for the representation of Russia, France, and England upon the Société d'Etudes.

Having said this, he withdraws the plan again to its underground galleries. "No useful purpose," he says, "would be served by laying papers at present, because there was so little that was definite to be said on the subject." So, in secret, unobserved by the country, and unchecked by information in Parliament, the reversal of a great traditional policy is allowed to proceed. The question is whether it is to be allowed to continue until protest will be too late. This is not a matter of details. It is not a matter on which we can afford to wait for the "papers" until the Société has agreed about broad gauge or narrow gauge, this route or that route, or even the incidence of a kilometric guarantee. Those points, however interesting, are entirely subordinate to the main question whether we are willing to admit, or to invite, Russia to the very gates of India itself.

That is the question of all questions. It is vital for the future of the country and the whole Empire. Almost the entire course of our foreign policy depends upon the answer. The future of our national expenditure, of our armaments and terms of service, of our voluntary system, our fleet and our armies at home and in India—may all hang upon it. There are subsidiary questions which alone, under other circumstances, might well make us pause. The railway will expose the heart of Persia to the full threat of Russian domination. It will lay open the east flank of Turkey's position in Asia Minor to Russian invasion at any moment. And, as to commerce, Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, speaking from his long and intimate commercial knowledge of the country, has shown in his letters of June 7th to the "Times" and "Manchester Guardian," that a railway along the proposed route will be of no assistance to Persia's trade, and detrimental to our own. It is true that English passengers in a hurry, or afraid of the sea, could reach Bombay six days quicker by this hot and dusty route than by the P. and O., and about one day quicker than by the Bagdad railway when it is opened. But for military purposes, the line could not serve us in any war at present imaginable; for it could not be reached except by passing through Germany and Russia.

Its military value to ourselves is nil; to Russia it is incalculable. The railway delivers over to Russia without a struggle the one enormous advantage for which she has been toiling and straining for more than seventy years, while we have devoted thousands of lives and immense expenditure to keep that advantage out of her reach. To prevent Russia's approach to any point within striking distance of our Indian frontiers has been for at least seventy years the keystone, not only of our Indian, but of our Imperial policy. For this we have waged desperate campaigns in Afghanistan, and penetrated the unknown mountains of Tibet. In fear of this approach, we have fought and fortified up and down that North-West frontier from Chitral and the Khyber down to the sea; we have concentrated the strength of our British and Indian armies in those North-West provinces; we have thrown out a bastion by occupying a third of Baluchistan as British territory, and fixing our advance posts beyond Quetta at Chaman and Nushki, so as to hold Kandahar when the moment of peril comes. Little by little we have made of that frontier what we believed to be the strongest line of defence in the world. With the aid of the Hindu Koosh, the Suleiman, and other vast mountain ranges, combined with the wild tribesmen of Afghanistan and the great deserts of Southern Persia and Baluchistan (for, as Napoleon said, there is no such defence as a desert), we probably had a right to consider our position impregnable. And now, suddenly, we are called upon to abandon all we have done, to stultify the unquestioned policy of three generations, and, without a word of protest or

opposition—without even knowledge of what is going on—to yield a road that outflanks our defences from end to end.

Consider the sketch-map. If, as is believed, the railway is to follow the route marked down, the whole of the inland length, from Julfa or Baku through Tabriz, Teheran, Ispahan, and the rest, till it reaches the sea, probably at Chahbar, will be as much Russian in case of war as the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow. For Persia is in process of becoming a Russian satrapy, and though the railway enters the "British sphere" at Kerman, we can hardly suppose our strategists would line up a British army across the South Persian deserts to oppose a Russian advance. The Russian invading forces, therefore, can be massed rapidly somewhere near Chahbar, and from Chahbar to Karachi is something less than 500 miles. "Oh, but," we shall be told, "the railway from that point is to run along the coast, and would come under the fire of our fleet." Let us assume we had a fleet to spare. Even then, everyone who has watched the working of railways in war knows how difficult they are to destroy, and how rarely an advancing enemy is checked by their destruction. People supposed the tunnels in the Vosges would be destroyed to stop the German advance, but the Germans came through them. The railway and tunnel at Laing's Nek, so easily broken up, only assisted the Boer advance. On our march to Pretoria and afterwards, the railway and bridges were frequently cut. It was a nuisance, but in a day or two the sapper had the trains running round detours. You cannot stop the advance of a large army by breaking up a railway; and, to say nothing of the night, there is no coast along which cover for troops and even for trains from the fire of ships could not be found, either in the lie of the land or by detours. A fleet in undisputed possession of the sea could assist the railway from Karachi by landing and supplying a force to oppose the invading army. But, in that case, we should be fighting at a disadvantage, outside our lines of defence. Otherwise the fleet could not hope to do more than delay the enemy's advance.

But put the case at its very best, and suppose the railway useless to the invaders beyond its point of contact with the sea. Even so, it will enable Russia to mass her forces at a point much nearer to our frontiers, and with a far easier approach than Herat, for instance, ever was; and what trouble and anxiety we have endured to keep the Russians out of Herat! At the very best, the railway from Russia to Karachi will create a new weak point in our Empire, and it will be the weakest point. That road along the coast, even without rails, leading straight over only a few hundred miles of level from the place where the enemy can concentrate with great rapidity, would require a whole new fleet to watch it from the sea, and an immense increase of the British and Indian armies to defend either its length or its termination on land. It may be that this vast increase of armaments is the unrecognised motive of some of those—not, of course, the Government—who promote or favor the scheme. Under the innocent and indirect subterfuge of a pacific railway, they may aim at forcing conscription upon the country. But in any case, Russia will have gained her end. If invasion proves inadvisable, her pressure upon that point will have weakened our position in Europe, and in her repeated threatening of India, that has always been her secondary aim.

The cost of all this adventure will be borne partly by ourselves, chiefly by the peoples of India, from whose revenue we now deduct about a quarter—close on £20,000,000—for the army alone. The whole system of Indian defences will have to be reconstructed anew; the whole purpose of our army and navy must be recast. While making defence at several gates, we shall have opened the easiest way to a Power that is not the most stable of friends or the most scrupulous of foes. At the end of a disastrous war we could hardly surrender on terms more humiliating. And all for what? To fill the pockets of a few financiers? Or in the hope that, if the worst comes to the worst with us in Europe, we shall secure the active support of the Power which has already re-insured against us at Potsdam?



## Life and Letters.

### THE DIVINE RIGHT OF REBELLION.

THE notion that social progress is a movement towards a state of perfect harmony in which the good of each will be the good of all, has been an assumption common to most political thinkers. Individualists, like Adam Smith and Herbert Spencer, have built upon the assumption as fearlessly as any avowed Socialist: an ultimate identity of interests, enforced by sympathy or re-representative motives, would gradually impose its supreme authority upon the conflicting wills of men. But there have always been thinkers to whom this harmony has appeared not merely an impracticable but a false ideal, who find in the individual nature of man a uniqueness and an obduracy which must ultimately defy the unifying tendency. The fact that the instinctive admiration of mankind always tends to flow out towards the rebel, the protestant, even though his cause is not approved, may fairly be taken as evidence that the "natural" man does not uphold the absolute supremacy of society. For it is not merely the tyrant, the oligarchy, or other usurper of the true social will, whose authority is thus resented. There is the same instinctive support for the individual, or the small minority who insist upon their right to defy the general will in the most democratically ordered State. Nor is this merely a first generous impulse in favor of the weak against the strong, soon superseded by a rational judgment upon the merits of the case. The resentment against elaborate Governmental interference in the detailed ordering of our lives, and the sense that it is an invasion of our personality, constitute a far more powerful barrier against the excesses of State Socialism than any arguments against the inefficiency or the corruption of officialism.

Is this recalcitrance of the individual merely the survival of a primitive egoism, once useful in the struggle for life, but now obstructive in the higher reaches of a struggle in which societies, not individuals, are the combatants? Ought we to hope for a condition of affairs in which men will no longer "rise up freely against the never-ending audacity of elected persons," but will always submit themselves complacently to the divine will of Society? Is this the ideal attitude of the "good citizen"? In confronting such questions, we may first observe that it has always been precisely the most "public-spirited" men who have refused this full submission to society, and that irrespective of the degree to which the mandate they defied was really sanctioned by society. It has never been the ordinary selfish man who has openly stood up against society, but souls of the order of Tolstoy, Thoreau, and Dr. Clifford. Is it some perversity of self-righteousness, or some merely doctrinal "cussedness," that actuates so many of the finest and noblest natures to assert the right of rebellion? Or have these men some justification in the rational order of things to which they can appeal? The question is by no means an academic but a profoundly practical one, for upon its answer depend in a high degree the social ideals in industrial and political order to which we shall direct our policy.

The great merit of Professor Urwick's new book, "A Philosophy of Social Progress" (Methuen), lies in the central importance given to this issue, and to the defence which his philosophy provides for the "persistent antagonism" (of the individual) "to the society to which he belongs." This antagonism is something quite different from the particular conflicts of desire and will, the friction, which must always occur, between the individual and his society, due to the fact that our selfish natures are not yet tamed to a recognition of the proper rights of our neighbors. There is, as Professor Urwick contends, a permanent and necessary cleavage between the true aspirations and ideals of a good man and those of the society to which he is said to "belong." That cleavage is explained by denying that the individual does "belong" to his society. Man is not primarily what

Aristotle called him, a *Zōon πολιτικόν* or even a *Zōon*, a biological organism. The "self," the "true individual," is prior to the natural and the social processes. They are instruments in his education, his realisation. His fundamental quality is neither natural, nor social, but spiritual or divine. "By the *self*, or the individual in the ordinary sense, we mean the natural and social shell which envelops a kernel of spiritual power—the whole manifested as a human agent, imperfect, unstable, and self-centred, so long as the shell exists at all; and by the *social person*, we mean this same self, considered specially with reference to his social equipment; and by the *true individual*, we mean the spiritual reality within."

The inadequacy of the biological explanation of human life has often been exposed. "Nature," thus narrowly interpreted, is either immoral or completely unmoral. The social explanation here is similarly challenged as affording no full protection or nutriment to the true individual. This "true individual" is the ultimate being, the end to which the physical and social organism are only means and instruments. Supra-natural and supra-social, the aspirations of this self mould for it ideals and rules of conduct which must always in some measure be out of accord with the ideals and the will of society. For society can never in its feelings or will be a complete expression of the aspirations of any of its individual members, and, since the latter must always use it as an instrument, they must reserve a right to overrule its verdict in any case where their highest aspirations bid them do so. Now to us the interest of this doctrine of Professor Urwick is not the logic of the relations between the individual and society which it enforces, but the initial force of its psychological analysis. This is precisely how a "good man" feels when he persuades himself to resist or to rebel against society. He feels, probably he is bound to feel, that society is in the last resort only an imperfect means to his realisation of the "best" within him. He makes his appeal to a higher court than Society, what he calls Reason, Justice, or the Divine Will, according to the manner in which he envisages the ultimate standard. This standpoint of defiance is perhaps in the last resort always religious. The "persistent antagonism" to society is a "divine discontent," an insistence on the imperfection of the social instrument. Christianity, in many of its diverse creeds, has often inspired such resistance. But it is significant that Professor Urwick goes for his "philosophic" sanction to the Indian rather than the Christian teachers. For there he finds a far fuller body of support for his central doctrine of the permanence of the individual and the subordination alike of natural and social processes to his perfection.

It is a singularly interesting and even fascinating plea, and in substance will probably always prevail in the minds of Western Europeans, who will suck from it food for the intense and not too lofty individualism which they prize, while ignoring the spiritual monism which underlies it in the Eastern thought. Regarded, however, as "a social philosophy," it is less convincing. The doctrine of the true and ultimate individual is dogmatically assumed, and the assumption contains a denial of the spiritual unity or reality of society. This denial is the eternal temptation of the individual. The cell, *ex hypothesi* disabled from a full conception of the reality of the larger organism of which it is a part, either denies the existence of that organism, or regards it as a mere means to the healthy cell-life. So it must be with every part in an organic whole. The fact that the individual person feels so powerfully, so passionately, the superior validity of its own ideals and aspirations, where they seem to come into conflict with those of society, is of course no proof that from the standpoint of any larger being than himself, either society or the cosmic whole, he is justified in his opposition. If society is philosophising, and not the individual, society will claim that its larger organic will and purposes have a right to overrule the narrower judgment of the individual. Professor Urwick, illicitly we think, provides against this by depriving society of any spiritual unity capable of ends, purposes, and aspirations of its own. Society, as he sees it, is not a spiritual organism, but merely a set of

arrangements for the convenience of "true individuals." If, however, society also is "a true individual," this subordination of it to the ends of the little spiritual monads to whom alone he allows value, disappears. There would, however, even then remain the stronger plea, for which Professor Urwick stands, that the human personality has relations to some larger spiritual unity than society. However that larger unity be conceived, Cosmos, Deity, or Nature in its widest spiritual sense, the individual man may well be held to have relations to the working of that largest whole which, if they appear to conflict with the mandates of society, confer on him the right and duty of social disobedience. Whether any ultimately consistent philosophy can be built upon the acceptance of discord between the social and the cosmic unities, is more than questionable. But that in the world of appearances, or half-realities, to which we belong, such discrepancies between the will of society and what most men will recognise as the will of God, do actually occur, and that they demand rebellion against society, is a doctrine which the individual man, however good a citizen, will never abandon. Society, and the State which represents Society, however, will and must deny it. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* So the best of citizens will continue at times to be the worst of rebels, for they will yield the firmest obedience to the higher call, their vision of a higher, larger order than the social, which they hold to be divine.

#### "HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US."

WORDSWORTH, in the immortal Ode, appears to us to have misjudged humanity in two respects. At least, he may have been right for himself, but he was not right for everyone, as a poet should be. It is not true—not true for everyone—that, with the passing years, the vision splendid fades into the light of common day. For many people, the splendor rather increases, and only with the years the vision is born and grows. It grows more brilliant, more spiritual, more intense. Shadows of the prison-house do not begin to close around, but rather the light of freedom indefinitely expands, with every year opening out new vistas of glory, new wonder and delight. Such people lament, not that the visionary gleam is fled, nor that they are forgetting the imperial palace whence they came, but that life is too short for the ecstasy continually revealed with greater brightness, and that into all the many mansions of the noble house of existence they cannot enter to abide.

The unrealised thought, the action unfulfilled, the deep draughts of passionate enterprise and endeavor that there is not time to drink—those are the things that make calamity of so short life. The poet found consolation in the years that bring the philosophic mind. But to many there is no need of philosophy or of such consolation. Their trouble is not that the sense sublime of something whose dwelling is the light of setting suns diminishes with the years, but that it increases till it fills the soul almost beyond endurance. For, as the Cleon of another poet wrote to Protus, "life's inadequate to joy, as the soul sees joy." Nor is it only the sense of joy impossible and unfulfilled that increases. The divine halo of intellectual and spiritual grandeur which gleams around the universe increases too—the halo that is like the sun, of which the Archangel sings in the Prologue to "Faust":—

"Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,  
Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag."

Now, the angels are not babies, but very old—older even than the middle-aged.

The other point in which that noble and distinctive poet seems to us to have misjudged the usual course of the soul is the converse of this. He thought that the

souls of children came trailing clouds of glory, and that heaven lies about us in our infancy. Grown-up people are often inclined to think so. They cherish the idea, partly because memory has a happy way of obliterating sorrow and pain, and of idealising the past with a light that never was; but also because there is an irresistible appeal in childhood, as in animals. It is so naïve, so helpless, so ignorantly trustful, so innocently unashamed. The pretty wide-open eyes look so frank. There is something attractive even in the first yawns, coughs, and sneezes—so human already, though quite uninstructed. And then come the smiles and attempts at speech. But a great part of this charm is given by ourselves. It arises from memory, from pity, from the sense of protection. The child itself remains, as the Catechism teaches us, a child of wrath. Its innocence is partly due to powerlessness. The chief weapons of war which it possesses—its vehement and distracting outcries—it employs to attain its immediate purposes. And as to the clouds of glory, and the heaven that lies about it—may heaven itself help us if they are not of a peculiar kind!

Take, for instance, the glory and the heaven revealed to us in the mind of Miss Joan Maude, aged three. Her mother, known to the stage as Miss Nancy Price, has published an accurate account of them under the title "Behind the Nightlight" (Murray). There is nothing unusual, or morbid, or precocious here—nothing of what has been called "the infant progeny." Nearly all alert and healthy children are attended by figures and images like Miss Joan Maude's; but the mothers have not the patience or the enterprise to chronicle them exactly. But we ask: Have these figures and images the smallest resemblance to clouds of glory, or to emblems of the heavens to which the poet supposes the child to have come? They have no such resemblance. They are a series of uncouth and ghastly monsters, such as a medieval painter might have imagined as inhabiting another place than heaven. Only one of them makes any pretence to the moral rectitude we should expect among clouds of glory, and the child evidently likes him least. "You soon get tired of him," she remarks.

For the rest, she is accompanied from her pre-existent state by the Kiddikee, who has nineteen legs, and one ear on one of his legs, and one at the end of his long tail, and who lives underneath a flower-pot, with a caterpillar and two snails; by the Fritch, who kicks and wriggles all day long, and is always clawing and snatching things, and biting people, and whose nose is always tumbling off, so that he has to tie it on with string; by the Caragal, who has one side hot and one side cold, and who lends his tail to other animals, but never gives anybody anything; by the Joe-Jag, who has no legs or arms, but a face in the middle of his body, and a ring in his head to hang him up by; by the Gott family, who have hands like spades, and no ears, and always bite; by the Bomblemass, who has no teeth, and ties on his legs with black ribbon; by the Hitchy-Penny, who has claws that pull out, so that he can scratch anywhere he wants; by the Lowdige, who runs very fast, and has no heels, and kisses cats; by the Stickle-Jag, whose teeth are acid drops, and who has bull's-eyes, and can take his legs off and on; by Fat-Tack, who has a green nose that shines in the dark, and is dreadfully greedy; by the Jaat family, who are the oldest of the animals, and have the habits of the old; by the Mounjee, who has different faces by night and day, both hideous; and by a few other misshapen, grotesque, and usually displeasing creatures.

What a set! What an awful intimation of immortality! If that is the best that a charming and intelligent child can do in the way of trailing clouds of glory, would it not be better to leave all of it behind and start fresh? If this is the heaven that lies about us in our infancy, we personally prefer the less celestial condition of maturer age. But before we emerge from the haunted atmosphere of these goblins and abortions into the welcome light of common day, let us notice one further point about them. Nearly all children



"collect" something. And these ghostly attendants on the mind of Miss Joan Maude collect also. One might suppose that, with the lovesome innocence of a childhood so close to the imperial palace whence it came, they would collect sunbeams, dewdrops, or, at the lowest, diamonds and pearls. Not a bit of it. The creatures collect coughs, dust, footballs with sugar inside, sausages, and candles. That peculiarly unpleasant family, the Gotts (who all bite), collect relations—how shrewd a thrust at the tiresome aunts who come to tea, and never will let you eat enough, and are always wiping the jam off your mouth and fingers, as though that mattered!

Perhaps enough has now been said to prove that if these are the inhabitants of the heaven from which the poet supposed our infancy conveyed some faint remembrances, we must change our conception of Paradise. Such apparitions as these would have shocked and terrified Adam and Eve. Unlike Miss Joan Maude, they would have been at a loss to find names for them. Ever since the Fall, earth has contained nothing quite so hideous, except in the mind of a little child, "whose exterior semblance doth belie its soul's immensity":—

"Mighty prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find!"

On the whole, perhaps, it is just as well we find something different. It is true that the shapes in her menagerie of monsters do not appear to frighten Miss Joan Maude. She tells us she is sorry she ever invented that disagreeable Gott family. The jolliest of her familiar spirits told her it was a mistake, and we quite agree with him. But her imaginings fill her with no haunting terrors. She takes even the creature with nineteen legs and an ear at the end of his tail as he comes, and being a nice, cheerful child, she makes the best of him. Other children are not so fortunate. How many have we known tortured to extreme misery by the terror of those ghostly images that arise unbidden in the mind, and are so much more real and horrible than soap in the eyes, the plague of brothers and sisters, and all the other changes and chances of this mortal life! Just as the fetish that the savage makes of a bit of rag becomes to him so much more terrible than a host of cannibals.

For ourselves, we rejoice to be shut of all such goblins and monsters as we are shut of fetishism. Like the Man in the Ode, we have perceived them die away, and we are heartily glad they have faded. We feel for the child who tells us of them, for it reminds us of the nightmare existence from which we have escaped. We sympathise with it for its imaginings, just as we do for the helplessness and simplicity that give it a naïve attraction. But would even the poet rejoice if the Youth, who is Nature's priest, or the Man in his maturity, went on babbling all his life about Lowdges and Stickle-Jags? Thank you, we have other things to do, and far nobler visions to contemplate. "When I was a child, I thought as a child," said St. Paul. But no earthly soul would have cared what he thought, if he had not put away childish things. And in the same way, however alluring the nursery prattle may be, we believe Wordsworth would never have gone maudlin, as seems to be the fashion at the moment, over the queer things that crawl or flutter in a child's imagination.

#### OPEN-AIR PLAYS IN FRANCE.

"The open air is the right atmosphere for a Greek play," says Miss Lillah McCarthy, to an interviewer. "The steps of the Tate Gallery, at which, all by herself," she used to study her "Iphigenia," with "the splendid air blowing upon me from the river," would, in her opinion, make "an ideal scene." That is what

they have been doing in France since the autumn of 1905, at first tentatively, then progressively, until, in less than four years, "le Théâtre en plein air," "Théâtre de la Nature," "Théâtre de Verduze," "Théâtre du peuple," "Théâtre Populaire"—as it is variously named, became an established institution in many parts of the country. The municipality of Marseilles inaugurated a series of annual dramatic festivals, in front of the Palais de Justice, with its portico as scenic background, before enormous crowds from far and wide over the Midi. The Parisians have been talking of instituting a yearly celebration of the kind on the Square of the Hôtel de Ville, or on the Place de Carrousel. The restoration of the Gallo-Roman theatre near Compiègne, five years ago, was celebrated, on the spot, with a performance of "Iphigenia" before an audience of four thousand people, from Paris, sixty miles distant, and many towns and villages of the Nord.

The open-air play, however, had its birth in the Roman Amphitheatre of Orange, years before, when the inaugural masterpiece, the "Œdipus" of Mounet-Sully and his associates of the Théâtre Français, drew a concourse of nearly thirty thousand visitors from every quarter of France. To restore to the Midi, "la manière d'être esthétique de notre conscience méditerranéenne, . . . maintenir l'idéal classique évolutif, et proclamer l'art méditerranéen," was the purpose of the revival, as proclaimed by Mistral, Mariéton, Péladan, Moréas, Boissy, Aicard, and the rest. It is done during a few days every summer or early autumn, when the great multitudes that congregate at Beziers, Nîmes, Arles, and the little Provençal city that once was Roman Arelais, are strangely reminiscent of certain periodical assemblages at the other end of the "Mediterranean world," ages gone.

Notwithstanding the adjective *évolutif* above quoted, and the intermingling of medieval and modern works with the antique masterpieces, the dramatic festival of the Midi failed to satisfy those who in other parts of France were meditating the creation of a popular theatre—"théâtre du peuple"—as a humanising instrument of incalculable power. "You are prisoners to your ancient classics," said they. But there was one lesson which (if they did need any such reminder) they learnt from the innovators in the Midi—that simplicity, dignity, universality must guide the dramatist who would move "the People." They drew a distinction between the "théâtre populaire" and the "théâtre du peuple." By the former they meant the kind of theatre which the leaders of the literary and dramatic world of Paris were devising for the "proletariat," and at which plays of the highest order, produced at the fashionable theatres, would be reproduced at low prices. By the "théâtre du peuple," they meant one for all classes, "consecrated," of course, like the former, to the best work, and conducted "not for profit," but on a system of reduced charges combined with free admissions. Their public is the people in the national sense, the *populus*, and their aim the "fraternisation" of all classes under the spell of great ideas and ennobling emotion. Perhaps the distinction between the two kinds may have been drawn rather too finely. Their inspiration is the same. "Par l'art pour l'humanité" is the motto of them all.

The authors and the artists who have originated the "théâtre populaire" in its various forms, make fun of the fear lest some things might be "too good for the people." "Give the people your very best," say they:—

"Pour rafraîchir votre imagination à une source pure, allez au peuple. Donnez-vous au peuple; c'est le meilleur moyen, le seul de vous retrouver vous-mêmes. . . . Evitez avec soin de lui faire croire que vous rapetissiez votre taille pour vous mettre à son niveau. Cette grande foule ne vous demande qu'un langage qui reste clair et des sentiments qu'elle sente humains."

The author of the foregoing passage, M. Maurice Pottecher, dramatist and man of letters, added that "the people" themselves were an "inexhaustible, untapped reservoir of acting capacity," that he would give it an



outlet in his own country town, and he was as good as his word when, at Bussang, he founded and opened the first "Théâtre du Peuple" in France. His inaugural piece was a play of country life, and the actors and actresses were peasants, tradespeople, and "industriels" of all sorts and conditions, from the day-laborer to the capitalist who employed them. The Bussang audiences vary from two to four thousand. The theatre is an open-air one, though provided with galleries, and even with an awning for use when the sun glares too fiercely or the summer rains come down. The stage, large enough for a hundred performers, can be so manipulated as to appropriate, for scenery, the background of the mountains. The view is one of the finest in the Vosges. The rehearsals, which are kept going during the two months preceding the dramatic festival, are a delight to the rustic artists, and to the public, who are welcome to look on; and to all of them, an education of the intelligence and of the aesthetic sense.

Founded by M. Albert Darmont, an artist of high distinction, the open-air theatre of Champigny, thirty minutes by rail from central Paris, has for its walls the oaks, beeches, sycamores, and pines of the forest; its grassy floor, seated for two thousand, slopes gradually downwards to the foot of a permanent stage, with a background of one or two picturesque buildings. A contribution from the small towns in the Marne valley was voted to M. Darmont at the start. Among those who co-operated with him were the State Secretary in the Fine Arts Department, the Parliamentary Deputy for the constituency, and the Mayors of the district. Every Sunday during the three summer months, crowds of people from Paris and from the country towns flock to the open-air theatre at Champigny. . . . Within Paris, Pré-Catelan has its "théâtre de verdure." Aix, Aulnay-sous-Bois, Fontenay-aux-Roses, Ploujean in Brittany, are among the country places that have made their first attempts in open-air theatricals. Before the imposing walls of the citadel of Carcassonne, in sight of the Pyrenees and the Cevennes, plays and pageants of the romantic Middle Age have charmed spectators. In the Pyrenees, fashionable Caunterêts has its "théâtre de la nature," with room for thousands. At Arcachon, among the pines, and in view of the sea, the Mayor and his fellow-citizens lately took the initiative in establishing one of the most pleasant open-air theatres in France. The folk of Poitou district have followed the fashion, by erecting a movable amphitheatre of wood, with seats for three thousand, in one of the municipal parks, chiefly for historical pieces acted by "local amateurs." At Courçay, twenty miles from Tours, the "Société de la Renaissance artistique Tourangelle" lately inaugurated its "théâtre de plein air," on a delightful site between the rocks and the river.

Whether in the Druidic calm of Courçay, or the roar of Parisian Belleville, the "théâtre du peuple"—which even now is but in the initial stage of its development—is but one among a hundred indications—more striking than itself—that the people is turning in its sleep, as if about to awake to a more cheerful day. Such a symptom was the vast agitation for "le repos hebdomadaire." Now, said the demonstrators, when the seventh day rest was won and employers were admitting the economic wastefulness of long hours, "now, our people will have a little time for self-education." "Le théâtre est le grand agent moderne de civilisation," says M. de Sainte-Croix, an untiring apostle of the people's theatre. The distinguished Frenchman magnifies his art. But the world needs enthusiasts. It is an interesting illustration of the convergence—conscious or unconscious—of distinct movements, towards one and the same social end, that, just as the political reformers advocate decentralisation as a means of evoking the capacities of provincial France, so the Sainte-Croixs and their like stand up for "decentralisation in art," that "the municipalities of France," no longer dependent upon Paris and her Opera and her House of Molière, and trusting to "the untapped reservoir," shall each found and maintain its "théâtre du peuple." And in England, it would be but the natural complement of municipal achievement in academic decentralisation, and in the establishment of free libraries

and art galleries, if some day municipal theatres arise, as "a vital element in the culture of the people."

#### THE IMMORTAL PIG.

THE position of the cottager with a garden who gets him a pig, is almost like that of a man who gets the power of turning dross into gold. The animal is a transmuter of all sorts of garden rubbish into bacon. The sulphurous cabbage-leaves that were an offence to the neighborhood, the empty pea-pods, the potato-haulms, and even the weeds are no longer a drug and a disadvantage, but a desideratum. If potatoes are peeled a little extravagantly, no matter. The pig will set that right. If milk goes sour, it is not lost. It goes into the bank at the end of the garden, and comes out gold at Christmas. The garden patches are cleared as we go, for there is always a demand for the remnants. The land is ready for an autumn crop as soon as it has paid its summer tribute. As there is no need to purchase manure, there is no danger of that item being neglected. Even the fruit trees get bottle-fed at the critical time of their bringing-forth. Agriculture runs full cycle, instead of missing its most important half.

But what if by some means other than the butcher's knife our pig should die? We are ruined, as if by the breaking of our only bank. The simile of the ewe lamb has no significance in our country. A man bereft of all he had is the cottager who has lost his pig. A water-spout that swept the whole garden and spared the pig-stye would be more welcome than this silent stab of death. It is not merely all our flocks and herds gone at a blow, but a grief—all contracts with the butcher notwithstanding—like that of a death in the family. There was no butcher between us and our pig yesterday, and there would be none to-day or for many a day, only the gratitude of an animal well fed, and the joy of one who sees his guest eat well. We look sorrowfully upon the carcase and say, fully meaning it, "I'd give five pounds to have him alive again."

We could have him alive again, not for five pounds, but for less than five shillings, if it had been spent beforehand. If another pig, equally good, should arise from his ashes, it would be just as though our pig had been immortal. The edge of our grief would be assuaged to-day, and he and we should have fed better and lived more lightheartedly if we had but taken that very simple and very obvious precaution. There are over a thousand pig clubs in England and Wales, though more than half of them are in the three counties of Lincoln, Northampton, and Wiltshire. Registration under the Friendly Societies Acts is free, yet only thirty-two clubs have thus regularised themselves, and twenty-one of those are in the two counties of Lincolnshire and Gloucestershire. A favorite premium is a penny a week for each pig, and this sum, with the help of a small entrance fee, the fines of defaulting members, interest, the sale of carcases, and so on, has been proved sufficient to pay the full value of pigs that die, and to accumulate in some cases very handsome reserve funds. There is a club at Kemerton and Overbury, on the borders of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, whose old members of four years' standing pay only eightpence a year for each pig, and receive 10s. a score on the weight of the pig when it dies. There are but eighty members, the newest of them pays only a shilling entrance fee, and a penny a week; but the insurance fund now stands at over a hundred and seventy-six pounds.

The mortality among cottage pigs is not high. The life of almost a family pet is conducive to health and happiness—and these pigs are commonly cut off in the prime of life by a fate not covered in the insurance policy. Each is isolated in its own home, and so there is no fear of an epidemic sweeping the village. Yet an ordinary insurance company would, in popular parlance, "have a fit" if it were asked to undertake the risks of a pig club at a pig club's premiums. Five per cent. of the sum assured would be a fair demand, but the sum assured would not be allowed to cover the whole worth of the pig. "It seems safe to say," says the "Journal

of the Board of Agriculture," "that no insurance company would, for less than 8s. per pig per annum, undertake the risks successfully undertaken by the Kemerton and Bredon Clubs, at a cost to old members of 8d. a year. Such are the wonderful results of co-operation and care, and fair dealing among neighbors."

Blessed be the pig among animals, for thus teaching men the advantages of society and the beauty of neighborliness. Our own Susan, the daily scratching of whose back produces a contralto squeal of delight, and who has in ten years presented us with almost two hundred piglets, is, alas! not immortal. When she dies, fifty neighbors, every one of whom knows our feelings because he himself keeps pigs, shall share our grief, and when another pig dies, both Susan and Caroline—her younger, and more insurable sister—shall contribute to its resurrection. There is a joy beyond the economic joy in knowing that all the pig-lovers of the village take a mutual interest in the growth of one another's bacon. The successful farrowing of our Caroline, if not fit to be read, like "the minutiae of thy head-dress and petticoat," "side by side with rumors of wars and stories of shipwrecks and sieges," is at any rate worthy of the sympathy of others who keep pigs. In times of sickness it is agreeable, as well as profitable, to have the advantage of the Secretary's accumulated wisdom. And it is salutary to have interested and friendly noses on the alert to warn those who keep insanitary stys that they may lose the advantages of the club. It is certain that the friendly banding together of those of one craft in a village makes not only for insurance against loss, but for the actual diminution of loss.

It is usually the schoolmaster who is the hero of the village mutual insurance society or credit society. The latter institution needs also the friendly service of some capitalist to lend the first sum for borrowers to draw upon. But it is the schoolmaster's skilful and honorary keeping of the accounts and rules that makes the credit society so stand by itself that the squire can be repaid, and the village become entirely its own banker. The pig club pays from the first, for even a premium that covers the risk with a good margin is a small sum to pay for the great advantages obtained. In after years, the entrance fees and the premiums are cut down, if unwise societies do not elect to dissipate the balance in dividends or a dinner, and in either case it is but rarely that the schoolmaster secretary-treasurer looks for or receives a salary or honorarium. Perhaps, village ideals being what they are, if he were paid, he would lose the moral and intellectual authority that comes to a good schoolmaster as generation after generation of boys pass under his hands. Be it how it may, we do not think that the A.O.S. could do better than make the village schoolmasters their apostles of co-operation.

The most primitive cattle insurance society that we have heard of belongs (unhappily, we are inclined to say) to another country. Certain Breton peasants bound themselves at the beginning of the year to pay for each other's losses at the end. At the end of the year they met. Those whose beasts had died stated the loss. A division sum stated what each member had to pay, and the "insured" cleared the table as they went out. English Arcady has passed the age of simplicity a little too far for an experiment of that kind, nor is it necessary to us with our general knowledge of the averages of mortality. The equivalent system of a freedom-loving people is the sending round of the hat. The victim of a calamity receives what the generosity of his neighbors will contribute, and it is apt to vary with the personality and even the politics of the loser, who has sometimes even to take the first step to set the hat going. The transaction is not so tainted with charity as might be supposed, but it is always a poor business. If Susan or Caroline should not be hawked round on a bier for the pennies of the compassionate, neither should any other pig. Let them stand united in their lives, and death shall not have victory over them. Let this most intimate item of young agriculture be the corner-stone of a mighty edifice of rural co-operation that shall transform the life of our country.

## Music.

### "THE CHILDREN OF DON."

THE sooner Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke obtain a separation on the ground of incompatibility of artistic temper the better for them and for all of us. The hearing of their opera on Saturday last confirms the impression derived from the score, that each of them is the fifth wheel on the other's coach—Mr. Holbrooke being the greater sufferer, for he risks more and comes the heavier cropper. It is primarily for the musician, not the poet, that the colossal apparatus of the opera house is put in motion; and when failure comes it is the musician who must bear the bulk of the blame. In strict equity it would be the librettist who should receive the heavier sentence in the present case, were it not for the fact that no musician who has chosen to set to work at such a subject can justly escape the consequences of his own bad judgment. After all, as Weber said, no composer is under any compulsion to set a particular text if he does not admire it. Of all possible opera texts, this of Lord Howard de Walden's is perhaps the most impossible. Now and again it has a gleam of real poetry in it, and there are occasional signs of craftsmanship. Too often it gets no nearer poetry than the manufacture of such far-fetched conceits as this: "Oh sacred stars! White wounds of heaven, that some piercing spear of destiny struck in the flanks of night." And for the most part it reads like a bad translation of a Wagner opera, as the subject itself, with its rape of a magic cauldron, its nature goddess, its hero born of the love of brother and sister, and the rest of it, is only a blurred reflection of some common Wagnerian motives.

One wonders if either Mr. Holbrooke or his librettist has ever pondered upon the problem of the union of poetry and music. It seems unlikely, for Mr. Holbrooke has evidently very little sense of how music should mate with poetry,—he is by temperament mainly an instrumental composer—and Lord Howard de Walden has no sense at all of the kind of poetry that music needs. Where his poem has any rhythm whatever it is a free poetical rhythm, with the sense elastically overlapping the rhyme-endings. The musician necessarily has to disregard the rhymes in order to get at the naked sense. The result is that hardly ever does the build of the musical phrase correspond with that of the poetical phrase, while the ear is worried and annoyed at finding rhymes embedded in the tissue at all sorts of musically irrelevant points, and no rhymes at all at points where they would be relevant. Of the diction as a whole one can only say that it would be intolerable in a poem intended merely for reading, and is impossible as material for music. It is hard to understand a good deal of it as one reads it, so that there is not much chance of its telling its own story on the stage. Govannion, for example, says to Goewin, "I am drawn to love of you from high and fimbriate ranges." What could the average man make of this, supposing him—a large supposition—to have caught the word "fimbriate" accurately? "The Pennine range I know," he might say to himself, "the Cambrian range I know; but where on earth—if it is on earth—is the Fimbriate range?" And before he had had time to recover from this shock, others would be hard upon him. For instance: "And there's an added ardor to your own, Whereby witch promise of our race is sown"; "here displays itself love perished: I'll not plead it against occasion"; "where is fled all your grey glory, Gwydion, and intent of exaltation!"; "the storm and change that devours all statant things"; "though you enwove me in your dalliance that sears with presage of default"; "slumbering demons all agirt with deviltry of fear"; "full stored were all our souls with cumulate device of hopes in hiding, and dreams got by stealth that had no parturition"; "are you come down at last from white abstention of the hills"; "wrath, alarm, and all the mottled (!) feelings of disease"; "is there a path through passions blind to mew men in their rout"; "I



am dismissed from services of this life" (*i.e.*, I am killed); "black destiny denies me and lets vent the issue of my being. I'll be spent by purposeless affliction in the mart of lost desires that cannot rise." There has probably never been such a collection of Wardour Street English crammed into a single poem. When Gwydion appears, Arawn cannot simply ask who he is and what is his name, but must say "What being dowers the bleak isles with his presence?" and "What name is on this shape?" One positively gets ear-ache and tongue-ache as one reads it. It is the talk that never was on sea or land.

The motive is, like the diction, wrapped in mist and mystery. Neither the characters nor the events explain themselves. In some quarters the story is supposed to have a portentously "British" significance. A writer in a popular weekly journal, who pleads the cause of "nationalism" in music with great moral sincerity and a touching intellectual innocence, heralded the work last Saturday with a cry of joy and triumph. "A British Music Drama At Last"—so ran the headline. What in the name of reason is there specifically British—expressive, that is to say, of the complex soul of the many-millioned British race of to-day—in this tiresome old legend of a magic cauldron, and men turned into wolves, and things of that sort? What kind of "national" opera could ever be hatched by the sitting of so typical a son of modern Cockaigne as Mr. Holbrooke upon this dusty, fusty, musty old Cymric egg? Mr. Holbrooke, like the rest of us, probably feels about as much interest in Math Mathonwy as Palestrina would have felt in the Aztecs. I doubt, indeed, whether a good deal of the poem of "The Children of Don" has meant anything in particular to him. He has certainly been in the plainest difficulties with regard to it. His music frequently has the minimum of relevance to what is being said. He has evidently done most of his thinking in terms of the orchestra, and then made the best job possible of the words. No doubt this has been Wagner's and Strauss's procedure in many places, but at least they manage to combine with the orchestral tissue a vocal line that has a melodic credibility of its own. Mr. Holbrooke rarely does this. Not only is the vocal writing mostly dry and unmelodic, but it is not really good declamation. He is constantly accenting the wrong word—for example, "Pierce the white garment which *does* embrace the fettered soul" (as if somebody had said it didn't); "may be they *shall* find entrance to the soul of man"; "and pains of desolation be *transfused*"; and, in two successive lines, "IS there a path through passions blind" &c., and "is THERE a certain field," &c. A hundred or two specimens of this kind made us wonder from what point of view Mr. Holbrooke has regarded the text of the opera.

In many cases it looks as if this undoubtedly gifted musician were not a born opera writer. When all allowances have been made for the deadening effect of such a poem upon his imagination, the fact remains that, apart from a few pages such as the prelude, the solemn music that follows the death of Math, and some of the music associated with Goewin, he has been unable to do what all opera writers *must* do—give the text, by his music, an imaginative value that it has not in itself. It would be hard to find in this barren score more than a trace or two of the so interesting and promising Holbrooke of ten years ago. The ideas are rarely striking in themselves, and are frequently hardly knitted together at all. There is far too much of the mere orchestral gesticulation—keeping up the pretence of talking when there is nothing to say—that revolts the lover of connected thinking and fine workmanship in many a page of "Elektra." The orchestration is largely colorless and lustreless. This might often be excused on the ground that it is in keeping with the gloomy nature of the subject; but it is none the less wearisome to the ear, while much of the scoring is over-ambitious, experimental, and ineffective. Mr. Holbrooke, in fact, seems to have lost his old self and not found a new one. That he will find it soon will be the wish of everyone who built such hopes on him when he was barely out of

his boyhood. But I venture to think he will find it in instrumental music, not in the opera—certainly not in operas written to such texts as that of "The Children of Don."

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Communications.

### LIBERALISM IN THE VILLAGE.

#### IV.—THE SCHOOL.

THE little seed of a great reform has often been sown unobserved by the great mass of a nation. Time has passed away whilst the process of germination was taking place; and it is only when the harvest time has at last arrived that the nation has awakened to the process. Then it is that we look back with wonderment to the sowing of the seed. Such a little seed was planted when the Education Administration Provisions Act was passed in 1907. For under it the doctor first gained admittance to the school. The nation has at last realised that every human life is of value to the State, and that the healthier the life, the greater will be its value. To produce a healthy citizen, you must rear a healthy child.

Now that the principle of Medical Inspection has once been approved, the seed will slowly germinate, until the harvest shall be reaped in a sounder, healthier State.

Consider the effect of this measure in our little village school.

We have about 140 children upon the books, and some 100 of these have by now been examined in the course of five inspections. In the last six months of 1911 the Medical Officer of Health, who is the Inspecting Doctor, issued five reports to parents of children, drawing their attention to serious physical defects which must receive medical attention. Four were cases of defective eyesight, and one of defective teeth.

In the village to-day will be seen the strange, and hitherto unknown, sight of two little children wearing spectacles. One is a little girl whose case received attention but just in time. The other is a little boy, some seven years of age; a round-faced, cheery little soul, whose temper does not seem to have suffered from the numerous slappings he received because he peered so close into his work. This small boy struts gaily along the village street; he is puffed up with pride, for all the other children gaze with awe and admiration at the spectacles upon his nose. Here is, indeed, good work effected—for we have saved years of unnecessary suffering to two little children who could not help themselves. Further, we have secured two sound future citizens of the State, who, without this help, might have been of little value to it. I have mentioned five children as suffering from serious ills, but only two as receiving medical attention. What has happened to the other three?

Unfortunately, in their cases, nothing has so far been done, either because the parents were too poor to afford the necessary expense, or too careless to follow medical advice.

To make this system of medical inspection effective, it must be followed up by treatment. Fortunately, this will soon be done, for we know that the Board of Education is preparing a scheme, in conjunction with the Insurance Commissioners, and financed by an Exchequer grant, to afford help to local authorities in the medical treatment of inspected children.

In almost every other country some such system is at work, with excellent results.

It is not only by new legislation, but also through improved administration, that Liberalism has made itself felt in the village school. The Board of Education is realising more and more its great responsibilities, and the County Council is being continuously urged to devote additional attention to the village school—to raise the standard, to introduce more modern methods, to pay more attention to the individuality of the children. For nearly a year now the elder girls have been given cookery lessons in the summer months by an instructress supplied by the County Council.

How much better wives and mothers these girls will be! How far easier they will find it to gain employment when they leave the school!

A school garden has lately been started for the boys,



and I went to look at it the other day. The boys are instructed by a competent teacher in all the elements of horticulture—how and when certain vegetables should be sown; the various forms of flowers and their habits; how to prune—for a black-currant and a white-currant require vastly different treatment; how to graft roses upon a briar; and much other useful knowledge. These boys will have a far brighter prospect of success than their fathers, should any of them become small-holders.

At our annual flower show prizes are offered for the best-kept gardens; a brisk rivalry is thus created, and you should see how trim the gardens look.

In 1906 the village school was lax and none too efficient. To-day all that is changed. The doctor has come upon the scene; interest permeates the administration. As in much else, our school of 1912 is a very different institution from our school of six short years ago.

HUGH ARONSON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE RECENT CABINET CHANGES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I believe that many readers will be impressed by the discriminating accuracy of your article in THE NATION of the 15th instant. Personality counts for so much in moulding the policy and administration of Cabinets and Governments, that public opinion is justly sensitive to the probable effect on legislation and our foreign relations of the shuffling of portfolios and the adoption of new leaders. The New Liberalism, so commanding when it came into power in 1906, eyed the inclusion of the disowned Imperialists with more hope than satisfaction, trusting to the splendid qualities of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Robert Reid, Mr. John Morley, and their like to restrain high-policy notions and excessive expenditure on "the Services." The New Liberalism was triumphant in the Commons in its vindication of Free Trade, its initiation of housing and land reform, its finance, and its abolition of the absolute veto of the House of Lords.

An emphatic exception is that we are far from being reconciled to the greatly increased expenditure on the Navy.

The old "wait and see" spirit, if I may use the phrase in this connection without offence, was aroused in all Liberals when Mr. Asquith was called to succeed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; a caveat that was happily disappointed by the Prime Minister's record in the sphere of general legislation, as distinguished from foreign affairs and Army and Navy administration. The latter he would seem not to have specially concerned himself with.

The strength of this enthusiasm, so nobly expressed in the earlier utterances of the Prime Minister, was sensibly weakened by the exchange of Mr. Churchill's and Mr. McKenna's offices, and when so brilliant and sympathetic an advocate of the Democracy as Mr. Churchill gave himself up to naval organisation and the utterance of Jingo speeches. The significance of this change was cogently dealt with by you in THE NATION of January 13th.

And now comes this change in the Lord Chancellorship, by which Liberalism loses the best asset left to it in the House of Lords, and Lord Loreburn is succeeded by one whose attitude on some of the most burning questions before Parliament, when taken together with his pre-Cabinet associations, does not inspire us, to say the least of it, with the hope of much help from him. We shall only be too glad if his German sympathies should lead him to use his freedom from the direct responsibilities of the War Office in the interests of peace—a worthier service than the utterance of cryptic sayings about conscription. Similarly, the appointment as War Minister of Colonel Seely is in the same category as other appointments that have not commanded the entire confidence of the well-wishers of Democracy.

These exchanges leave an uneasy feeling that, after all, the dominant forces within the Cabinet, to use your phrase, are swerving towards Imperialism, and are getting out of touch with the beneficent statesmanship, inspired by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and like-minded leaders, which has placed on the Statute-Book the House of Lords Veto Act, the Budget of 1909, the Old Age Pensions Act, the Children's Act, the Scottish Land Smallholders Act,

the National Insurance Act, &c. The future of the New Liberalism, which is the true Imperialism, is with those who don the mantle of such men and continue their good works.—Yours, &c., R. HENDERSON SMITH.

Edinburgh, June 17th, 1912.

[We have received other communications to the same effect.—ED., NATION.]

### POT-SHOTS AS CRITICISMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In what professes, I suppose, to be a review of "The Great State," you give your readers a fanciful intellectual biography of myself. Regarded as a way of evading a serious discussion of ideas, there is no doubt much to be said for this form of attack. But your reviewer appears to be one of those people who can neither read nor remember, and his amiable interpretations of my character are marred by the entire untruthfulness of his statements. He gives a series of sketches of my phases; his whole intention being manifestly to insinuate that once I was a typical member of the Fabian Society, that I quarrelled with that obscure, and now, I believe, extinct body, and that my entire intellectual life has been determined by my relations to it.

He gives a fancy sketch of my "Anticipations" (written in 1900 before I had had any relations at all with the Fabian Society, and which he declares I wrote "when the Fabian spell was working"), in which he pretends that the book is a Utopian work—he hasn't even grasped the meaning of the title—and attributes to me the conception that "rapid transport and Eugenics were to be the pillars of the State." As a matter of fact, there is a chapter in "Mankind in the Making" (1903) devoted to a careful, destructive criticism of Eugenic proposals, a chapter I would endorse without a word of alteration to-day.

Then, entangling himself with "A Modern Utopia," he goes on to ascribe to me that ridiculous opposition of "character" and "intellect" which was originally invented, I believe, by public schoolmasters to excuse their bad teaching, and caught up by the wire-pulling class in their attack on competitive examinations. I cannot imagine how anyone with an average knowledge of the meaning of words can assume that my distinction between poetic and kinetic types is such an opposition. "A Modern Utopia" (1905) was written after certain leading members of the Fabian Society, attracted by my "Anticipations," had invaded me with urgent requests to come into the Fabian Society and stimulate it. I thought the Society was badly in need of stimulation, and I went into it, and from the beginning to the end of my connection with it I was in conflict with that awful priggishness and that vanity of disingenuousness which have done so much to make social constructive proposals seem dangerous and ridiculous in this country. From first to last I was at issue with Fabianism. Yet now, according to your reviewer, comes my last, my "anti-Fabian" phase. I have just, he declares, flared out into opposition of the "Servile State," that bureaucratic tyranny which once, he implies, I supported. Your reviewer has never, I suppose, heard of "The Sleeper Awakes" (1899), which is an anticipation and a vehement attack on just that specialisation and regimentation of labor which we writers in "The Great State" are attacking, thirteen years later, to-day. "The Food of the Gods" (1904) says in symbols nearly everything that the "Great State" puts now in reasoned terms.

I apologise, sir, for this invasion of your space, but there comes a limit to one's patience under this method of criticism by invented biography and careless misstatement. Given a certain slovenliness of attention, and anyone may be accused of inconsistency. A writer with the intellectual fluidities of your reviewer could find a mass of incoherence in the first four books of Euclid. He would think that what Euclid said about right angles he said about any angles, forget several of his definitions, and suspect the influence of the "spell" of Todhunter. And he would point out how the excitable, unstable mind of Euclid was obsessed by the idea of circles in his later books, and suppose that this was due to the accidental acquisition of a pair of compasses. I submit that this sort of thing is unworthy of the high traditions of THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

June 19th, 1912.

H. G. WELLS.

## "THE CRIME OF BEING INEFFICIENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When I wrote to you last week, I did not like to make demands on your space sufficient to enable me to set out in full Section 17 (1) and Section 24, which is necessary to explain (d). I therefore summarised the sub-section giving the more important and concise passages in full, and marking this by putting those passages within inverted commas. You repaid my forbearance by calling the whole a gloss, and you also damaged my letter by altering the inverted commas—unintentionally, I am sure—so that your readers could not see to what a large extent the so-called gloss was the actual words of the sub-section.

Now, I have nothing to lose in this controversy by the publication of the actual words of the Bill—I believe you have. But I hope that that will not prevent your doing what I now ask you to do, which is to print the sub-section in full at the end of this letter. That will dispose of your suggestion that, when purporting to give the meaning of the sub-section, I really put my own gloss on it. It will also enable your readers to estimate the accuracy of your original article in such passages as this:—

"A defective within the meaning of the Bill includes . . . the habitual drunkard . . . and persons whom it is 'desirable, in the interests of the community, to deprive of the opportunity of procreating children.' This . . . empowers any enthusiastic Eugenist who rises to office, to make what experiments he pleases upon the community. It would include persons held to be, for any medical or sociological reason, undesirable breeding stock, even when no doctor, relieving officer, or constable could question their mental capacity."

I ask you to print the sub-section in full, and thereby to let everyone see that it is those who are *both* defective and come within the categories of the sub-section who are dealt with under this Bill.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. CAWLEY

June 12th, 1912.

[We cannot argue for ever with Mr. Cawley, but we have done him no injustice, as any reader who compares his summary of sub-sections (b) and (f) of Clause 17 with the text can see for himself:—

## TEXT.

(b) who are charged with the commission of any offence, or are undergoing imprisonment or penal servitude or detention in a place of detention, or a reformatory, or industrial school, or an inebriate reformatory;

(f) in whose case such other circumstances exist as may be specified in any order made by the Secretary of State, as being circumstances which make it desirable that they should be subject to be dealt with under this Act.

In both these cases the categories and powers seem to us distinctly wider than Mr. Cawley's summary suggests.—ED., NATION.]

## SUMMARY.

(b) who are in custody on a criminal charge.

(f) in whose case circumstances exist which the Home Secretary, by order, specifies.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Chesterton's letter in your issue of the 15th raises questions which go far beyond any difference of opinion between him and me on the subject of Mr. McKenna's Bill. They are questions which cannot be profitably discussed within the limits of a correspondence column. But since Mr. Chesterton has connected his remarks with my name it may be as well for me to say briefly how radically I am opposed to his whole method of approaching these issues. The question to be decided is whether or no feeble-mindedness is hereditary. Mr. Chesterton, as I understand him, simply denies that there is any question. He knows that it is not hereditary. He knows it *à priori*, by intuition, by general experience of life, by any or every means except that of direct and careful inquiry about the facts. He pours contempt on those who do inquire, on the assumption that they are bigoted, ignorant, and perverse. And of all this he offers no manner of proof. Well, I disagree. Specialists and experts may, of course, make mistakes. But they and they only are competent to discover the truth. Mr. Chesterton and myself are not competent. And our opinion is only of value in proportion as we base it on the facts elicited by those who have made special inquiry into the matter. I have a great respect for litera-

ture. But men of letters mistake their function when they pretend to determine matters that can only be determined by science.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

King's College, Cambridge,  
June 19th, 1912.

## CONSCRIPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On May 30th of this year the "Morning Post" referred to two letters just received by the National Service League from General Godley, Commander of the Defence Forces of New Zealand, and from Major Arthur Hume, Secretary of the Universal Military Training Committee of the Colony. These letters were quoted as proofs on "unimpeachable authority" of the "smoothness and success which had attended the putting into operation of the new law of compulsory military training."

As the success of the scheme in New Zealand is almost vital to the chances of introducing the same scheme into this country, it is important to know that more disinterested evidence than that given by these military witnesses reveals a very different state of things. A civilian correspondent from the colony indicates an agitation against the Defence Act of 1909, and a determination to repeal it at the earliest possible moment, of which little or no idea can be derived from the newspaper press of New Zealand or from the biased sources of military officialdom.

At Christchurch, which seems to take the lead in hostility to the Act, "no end of riots and damage and various conflicts take place between both parties"—militarists and anti-militarists. The latter nearly succeeded in burning down the Drill Barracks, and, more than once, "officers have had to be rescued from the barracks by the police," and to change their clothes in order to escape from the fury of "both cadets and civilians." On the West Coast of the South Island there is a boys' brigade of 300 strong, pledged in no circumstances to submit to compulsory enrolment. In two districts "just outside Wellington, the youths, to the number of 700, stormed the military barracks." In the gold and coal-mining centres, so detested is the Act, that any attempt to enforce it is likely, it is said, "to end up in a little civil war."

This hardly looks like "smoothness and success." Nor does the fact that of the 70,000 lads required to register by June, 1911, "more than 20,000" failed to register. The Government extended the legal date till October; but a bare hundred even then obeyed the final summons. The Government then resorted to prosecution, and, all over the country, youths, refusing the option of a fine, submitted to imprisonment, and were only released when the Election of last December rendered their further detention politically imprudent.

The refusal to register deprives a man of the elementary rights of citizenship. He loses his vote, or cannot get one; he is debarred from all Government employment. But this is a mere bagatelle to the further punitive intentions of the militarists. Opponents of the Act are threatened, through the press, with deprivation of all rights to old age pensions; with denial of the use of the Post Office Savings Banks; with the loss of the right to use the telegraph or postal system or the Government's railways. It is suggested that they should be confined to the State prison-farms or kept in slave-gangs for the repair of the highways. And the "Times" correspondent at Wellington, writing in March last, tells us that the latest idea of the Premier is to substitute "military detention on the Australian model for imprisonment as an alternative to fine."

These devices of military tyranny are all lessons for us here in England, where all the military martinets and swashbucklers of the country are longing for a similar system, and hoping to get it from the next Unionist Government. Add to these the lesson of the Military Manual. In New Zealand "they are trying to secure a system whereby a lad must produce his Military Manual. . . . This book contains the youth's history, age, birthplace, employment, his people's history, character. He cannot leave the district for any time without first seeing his chief officer to get a passport, and, in the event of an offender against the law trying to get a situation, he is at once asked to produce

his Military Manual." Slavery through an attack on a man's source of livelihood is the aim of the militarist party in the colony. One can hardly expect the attempt to be more popular in New Zealand than one fancies it would be at home.

Nor does the following fact exactly indicate "smoothness" of working:—"The education authorities in various parts of New Zealand have refused their schools and grounds for training purposes. Several leading schools suffered severe damage from the cadet companies; the cadets realise that this is the only way of making their feelings felt in the matter."

Statements in the New Zealand press, which, for obvious reasons, is as conscriptionist as the Government, that 99 per cent. of the colonists favor conscription, or that opposition comes only from the Socialist minority, must be taken as doctored for English consumption. Opposition to the Act is independent of party labels; the endeavor to stigmatise such opposition as Socialistic is simply a trick for the silencing of the more timid souls who fear identification with the Socialist Party. And as to the assertion that only about fifty or sixty have failed to register and parade, "three or four times that number have already been before the Court, and about the same number cast into prison; over forty in one batch were before the Court in the City of Auckland for refusing to take the oath."

Far be it from me to counsel emigrants to fight shy of so otherwise pleasant a colony as New Zealand, but they should go there with their eyes open to the fact that, by reason of the military persecution, "many business people have already sold up their business and left the country."—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRER.

Ingleborough, Lancaster,  
June 19th, 1912.

## THE COMING QUESTION OF THE LAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

"The wages of the great class which tills the fields of England are a scandal to civilisation."—*THE NATION*, p. 352, June 8th, 1912.

SIR,—I live in the county in which the rate of wages is the lowest in England, yet I believe you will find our laborers and their families better off than those in the large towns where employers are not being girded at by our Liberal newspapers in the same way as the farmers. Higher wages to our farm laborers are much to be desired, but although we are quite aware that you town-dwellers are in a much better position to judge than we who live amongst them (!), it is, in our humble judgment, doubtful if the farmer can afford to pay more than he does; at any rate, his scale of profit for a generation or two past would ill-content the town merchant or manufacturer. Cottages with gardens are let in some North Oxfordshire villages at from 30s. to 52s. per annum. On one Oxfordshire estate the owner has built good new cottages and lets them, I understand, at 1s. a week. As we have—to quote the late Sir William Harcourt—sent "political economy to Mars," let us keep it there, and invite other land-owners to follow this good example; but is *THE NATION* prepared to tell the town manufacturer to follow the philanthropic example and sell his products to the workman at less than they cost to make?

You will say that the farmer should have a reduction of rent if he cannot pay higher wages. Land belonging to the Oxford Colleges is, I believe, still let within four miles of the spot at which I am writing, for 7s. 6d. an acre per annum.

I maintain that a laborer with 15s. a week is better off in one of our villages than one with 25s. in Liverpool or Birmingham.

The great difficulty I see now and ahead, in country and town alike, is the constant increase of unemployment by the continuous invention of "labor-saving machinery." The cottages are, I fear, terribly bad in some country districts, but a defective cottage in fresh country air, surrounded by a garden, is not nearly so injurious as a bad, or even a fairly good, *back-to-back* one in a Birmingham or Leeds slum.

The worst proceeding with regard to the land I know of has been the clearing out the people to make deer forests and grouse moors in Scotland. To me it seems wicked, yet so far as I know, it has not yet been stopped; but it was

defended by Radicals of the past generation as according to political economy—that a man had a right to make the largest income he could from his property.

If I am rightly informed, numbers of laborers in Liverpool and Birmingham get only 20s. a week. The farmer's man in Oxfordshire is better off, I hold, with 13s.—Yours, &c.,

J. MARSHALL STURGE.

Charlbury, Oxfordshire,

June 18th, 1912.

P.S.—I am neither land-owner nor tenant.

[Is 15s. a week a typical Oxfordshire wage? We fear that it runs to a much lower figure.—Ed., *NATION*.]

## DOCTORS AND THE MATERNITY BENEFIT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Miss Lilian Harris, in her courteous criticism of our articles, confuses the issue. We can assure her that few medical men can be unaware of the great privations that the poorest women and their families undergo at the time of childbirth, and, incidentally, we also know the wonderful generosity of the poor to one another at such times.

We regard the Maternity Benefit as a welcome sign that the State, for the first time, recognises the importance of taking care of the mother at childbirth. The best means of using that Maternity Benefit, and the obvious necessity for adequate feeding, we did not discuss.

We wished to emphasise two points:—

(1) That it is an advantage for mother and infant to be under skilled medical observation, and that advice as to feeding and rearing the child should not be left to amateurs, however enthusiastic.

(2) That the medical profession can reasonably expect an increase of income for work done under the Maternity Benefit. This was, of course, in reference to the question we were discussing—adequate payment under the Insurance Act.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITERS OF THE ARTICLES.

June 16th, 1912.

## DISENDOWMENT IN WALES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is quite likely, as "A Liberal Nonconformist" suggests, that English Nonconformists have not realised that "the main result of the passage of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill will be to divert £173,000 a year from religious to secular purposes." It would, indeed, be surprising if they had reached such a conclusion. The main result of the Bill, when it reaches the Statute Book, will be to put an end to the anomaly of a State Establishment of religion which represents only a small minority of the people, and to place the State in an attitude of complete neutrality towards all churches and all forms of religious belief and practice in the Principality.

Disendowment will, of course, follow upon Disestablishment. As Mr. Disraeli said in 1868, we must dismiss from our minds the notion that the people of this country will ever consent to the severance of the tie between Church and State, and at the same time agree that the Church of England should retain the property which it now possesses. But to argue that the scheme of Disendowment which forms part of the Welsh Bill means the diversion of £173,000 a year from religious to *secular* purposes is to argue in terms which it must be a little difficult for the vast majority of English Nonconformists to understand. They have not been taught to believe that acts of worship and the maintenance of bishops and cathedral establishments at great cost are necessarily more religious than efforts to minister to the health and comfort of the sick, and to raise the standard of education and culture for the community as a whole. In any case Parliament is not called on to determine what is religious and what is secular. The business of Parliament is to make such provision in respect of the property which the law recognises as appropriated to the support of the Established Church as shall secure its use, not for the benefit of a sect, but for the benefit of the nation as a whole. Only in this way can justice be done, and adequate recognition made of what Mr. Gladstone called the trust—in the political, the social, and the moral sense—impressed upon the property.



It is no argument against Disendowment to say that the property to be dealt with under the Government Bill is now being devoted to religious uses, and that the Established Church is making honest efforts to minister to the religious life of the nation. Two facts have to be faced—the first, that, whatever the nature or extent of its honest efforts, the Church is not making adequate provision for the religious life of the nation as a whole, and has no capacity to do so; the second, that the religious uses to which medieval property is now being devoted are so different from the uses of pre-Reformation days, that the Church's moral title to the endowments is seriously shaken. That view has been stated forcibly by a good many Churchmen; and one may presume from their recent manifesto that the Liberal Churchmen's Protest League is at least not unfavorable to it. To admit, as they do, that much might be said for a redistribution of endowments and even for concurrent endowments, is practically to admit that under existing arrangements the endowments are not being used to the highest advantage, and in strict fulfilment of the trust with which they are charged. In essence, that is the case for disendowment.

"A Liberal Nonconformist" says it is a matter of common knowledge that the disendowment portion of the Government Bill is "considered both unnecessary and unjust by more than one member of the Liberation Society itself." He has said this before, and his statement is still as vague as it was when first made. It is conceivable that among the many thousands who constitute the membership of the Society there may be "more than one" who would modify the disendowment clauses of the Bill, but to say that there are "more than one" who think that Disendowment is unnecessary is to say that there are "more than one" who are disloyal to a fundamental principle of the Society. That is a charge which should be justified by some substantial evidence. The "more than one" certainly do not include those Churchmen who are members of the Society.

—Yours, &c.,

DAVID CAIRD.

16, Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.

June 19th, 1912.

#### THE TACTICS OF THE W.S.P.U.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the current issue of "Votes for Women" (the organ of the W.S.P.U.), a cartoon appears, entitled "Britannia's Vote of Censure," and it represents a weeping figure of Britannia, covering her eyes from the legend inscribed on a poster giving the numbers of the women now in prison (for window-smashing).

This is being apparently exhibited as a set-off against the recent imprisonment of Miss Malecka by the Russian Government for her alleged complicity with the Revolutionaries. Britannia is presumably under the impression that the English women are also in prison for their opinions and not their actions.

Now, if this paper were not circulated out of England, where all the facts are known, there might be little or no harm in such a misrepresentation of the case, but unhappily it is subscribed for by many American suffragists (and doubtless in other countries as well), who are under the totally erroneous impression that it is the only suffrage organ, and representative of the best English opinion. Foreigners are extremely un-informed on English political affairs generally, and this extremely unfair cartoon, with its false inference, will do infinite harm abroad and prejudice our foreign critics against us to a lamentable extent.

Having just returned from lecturing in the United States, I know from experience how readily Americans are willing to believe England to be on a level with Russia in all matters of legislation relating to women, and I had the greatest difficulty in making my audiences understand that women were not cast into "dungeons" (as "Votes for Women" calls our gaols) on account of their desire for the franchise, but solely on account of their violation of the common law. Also I was frequently asked if "forcible feeding" were really an inseparable feature of our prison system," the so-called "hunger-strike" having been thus presented to them.

I submit that to liken British justice and freedom of speech and opinion to Russian political tyranny is, to say

the least of it, unpatriotic and unworthy of any English subject; least of all of women who boast of their superior fitness for public life.

I venture to speak for a very large number of my own sex when I say that it is this falsification of fact and wholesale misrepresentation of the English attitude towards these law-breakers, quite as much as their blind foolishness and violence, that have alienated our sympathies entirely from the W.S.P.U., and which makes us despair of ever proving to the world that the majority of Englishwomen are outside that Union and not within its *un-Womanly, un-Social, im-Politic* organisation.—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL JONSON.

London, June 18th, 1912.

#### THE ALLEGED PLEDGE FROM MRS. PANKHURST.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I note, in your issue of the 15th inst., in a paragraph commending the Home Secretary for placing Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence in the First Division, you say that Mr. McKenna's action is the result of a written pledge from them that they will not use this privilege to incite to illegal acts. I think you should be made aware that no pledged word was given or written by our leaders—they simply re-affirmed the statement they had repeatedly made, both before and after their conviction, namely, that they refused to accept any responsibility for guiding or restraining the suffrage movement whilst in prison. They will not suggest, advise, or criticise what is done by those outside who are continuing the fight for political freedom, a course which would obviously be impossible from within the prison walls; but this is a very different attitude to that suggested by a written pledge, which might be construed into a weakening of their militant attitude or a lessening of their conviction that only militancy will bring the Government to realise the necessity of giving justice to women.

I shall be grateful if you will publish this, as it so nearly concerns the honor of our leaders.—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHY PETHICK.

Cumnor, Oxford, June 18th, 1912.

#### CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May a Conservative reader of your always interesting paper express his agreement with your regret at the opportunity which has been largely missed in the ecclesiastical appointments of the present Government? Those who, like myself, believe in a "National Church," must wish to see the high places of the Church of England more widely representative of all schools of thought, religious and political, in the English nation. The Conservative element in both schools is, and always will be, well represented, and therefore it is a pity when one of the best types of the Liberal view is succeeded by one, however estimable, of the opposite tendency.

No objection can be made to this appointment on the ground of scholarship and ability, but some recent appointments, particularly those of a pair of personally popular but quite undistinguished clergymen to important sees, one of them in succession to a scholar of repute, has led to the impression that there is "a power behind the throne." This may be wrong, but it does not seem quite right that a thinker of the calibre of Dr. Rashdall, or a preacher of the ability of Mr. Lilley, should owe the only recognition they have to the Bishop of a rural diocese.—Yours, &c.,

June 19th, 1912.

"M.A., OXON."

#### MIDDLE-CLASS LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The letter from "Middle-Class Liberal" seems strangely reticent as to the urgent need of those measures of social reform which are being urgently grappled with by the present Government. If this Government is succeeded by a Tory domination, which "Middle-Class Liberal" seems to desire, the "Condition of England" question is still with us. The old age pensions, and the urgent questions of public health and the proper incidence of taxation

and responsibility, were ideas that the Tory Party, from 1895 to 1905, never dreamed of putting into practice. Are we to expect that the Tory Party will look after our interests any better than Mr. Lloyd George? "Middle-Class Liberal" must confess that there is some fairer graduation of payments now than under the rule of Mr. Balfour, whose sole idea of government was saving wealth from paying a just share, and opposing the Budget of 1909, which, for the first time, has made some real beginning of land reform and taxation.

Mr. Lloyd George has really reduced the burden on earned incomes in various ways. "Middle-Class" talks of a great measure of reform as a "nail in the coffin of the Liberal Party." If we have a Tory Government, is it not likely that the intention is to put a "nail in the coffin" to all reform whatever, with a much greater expenditure on war, for war generally comes when preparations are accelerated. The coming Tory Government, having accepted the necessity of Insurance, will have to carry the work on. But if their schemes of preference and tariffs coincide with general extravagance and borrowings, how can "Middle-Class Liberal" find his position improved? Social reform means sacrifice. And how can we expect equality of sacrifice in payments from a Tariff Reform Ministry which will tell us that Free Trade has broken down as regards producing revenue. If the definition of "Middle-Class Liberal" means the scale of income usually earned and spent, how can this Liberal Free Trade Government be accused of unfairness? But perhaps "Middle-Class Liberal" really pays something, which means that he is in a fortunate position—I know many such grumblers.—Yours, &c.,

X.

Leamington, June 16th, 1912.

### POPPY-GROWING IN CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me a little space to reassure the friends of the Anti-Opium cause with regard to the above?

There has undoubtedly been a certain amount of renewed poppy growth in many parts of China, but it has been grossly exaggerated by those whose interest it is to maintain the opium trade. These lose no opportunity of discrediting either the ability or the sincerity, or both, of the new Chinese Government in its task of completing the suppression of the opium habit, so well begun by its predecessors. The "Times," in a leading article on this subject, says: "To-day, judging from reports in the Indian press, China is growing as much poppy as ever she did." (Italics mine.) As if "the Indian press" were an authority on what happens in the interior of China! To say nothing of the monstrous improbability that the strenuous efforts of six years, from the date of the Empress Dowager's Anti-Opium Decrees, resulting, according to Sir A. Hosie's official report, in the absolute clearance of poppy growth throughout the great opium-producing province of Szechuan, could be entirely undone during four or five months of anarchy and unrest, covering a single poppy season.

Happily, Sir Edward Grey gives no countenance to this pessimism. He has told the House of Commons that his Majesty's Government "understands that the present Chinese Government is as much in earnest as the late Chinese Government with regard to the suppression of opium smoking."

An instructive correspondence has recently taken place in the "North China Daily News" (and its weekly edition, the "N. C. Herald"), whose columns contain the most reliable information on the subject, as it has regular correspondents all over China. In an editorial of May 15th, it pointed out that the accumulations of opium in Shanghai and Canton, which the opium merchants are ingenuously begging the Indian Government to help them to dispose of, are due more to "the exorbitant prices charged by the dealers" than to "restrictions imposed by the Chinese authorities." This aroused the indignation of a correspondent who, over the signature "Justice," alleged it to be a "notorious fact" that for the past year the authorities of Chekiang province, immediately south of Shanghai, "have been permitting, if not directly encouraging, the cultivation of the poppy on a hitherto unprecedented scale throughout the province," and contended that "the present flourishing

condition of poppy farming in the province effectually disposes of all pretensions to good faith on the part of the Chinese authorities."

This letter is answered by the "N. C. Daily News" correspondent at Ningpo, in that province. He points out that during the revolution "away from the cities and large towns the idea was, and still is, prevalent that all laws were abrogated." (Just what I was told by the Chinese delegates at The Hague Opium Conference last December, when the news first came of the recrudescence of poppy growth.) He declares that the above-quoted charge is "a libel on a class of Republican officials who, from first to last, are determined to get rid of the curse, no matter what it may cost." And he shows its inaccuracy by particulars of large districts in the province, through which he has recently travelled, and in which he "never once saw any sign of the poppy," though he also mentions certain other districts in which the growth has been resumed. As far as I can gather from the reports hitherto received, what this correspondent says of one province applies to all the other provinces in which poppy growing has been resumed; some of these reports speak of officials having resolutely prevented it, even through the times of disturbance, and one of them significantly remarks that it is not unlikely that other heads as well as poppy heads may fall when the day of reckoning comes.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH G. ALEXANDER,

Hon. Secretary, Society for the  
Suppression of the Opium Trade.

181, Queen Victoria Street, London,

June 18th, 1912.

### DUTIES v. RIGHTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every one just now is keenly alive to the unrest of the times, and on every hand we hear men and women talking of their rights. It is perfectly true that each one should be entitled to his or her rights, from the King on his throne to the poorest tramp who trudges along the hedges. But what of our duties? It is seldom we hear of them. I feel very strongly that if we were as keen on learning and performing our duties to the State, and to each other, as we are on obtaining our rights, England to-day would be a happier, more contented, and a better country than she now is. This is not meant to be an adaptation of

"God bless the Squire and his relations,  
And keep us in our proper stations."

It refers to employers and employees. Simply to men and women as such.—Yours, &c.,

M. A. F.

### Poetry.

#### SHELLS.

NATURE nothing shows more rare  
Than shells, not even flowers; no,  
Unfading petals tinted glow  
Where ocean's obscure weight is air;  
Where winds are currents, streams, or tides,  
Life to perfect their shapes abides.

Each hinged valve curves out and rims  
Pink, yellow, purple, green, or blue,  
A color-whisper's graded hue;  
While dinted lobe, spine, or rib limns  
Crisp helmet, cuspéd shard to wing,—  
Full panoply for fairy King.

In easy air and warm light nursed  
Bloom prompt wit, love with glamor fraught,  
And brave but flower-like youth:  
Like brittle shells, long years immersed,  
Secreted by toil, conscience, and thought,  
Are formed art, virtue, truth.

T. STURGE MOORE.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Three Brontës." By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)  
 "Henry Demarest Lloyd: A Biography." By Caro Lloyd. (Putnams. 2 vols. 21s. net.)  
 "In South Central Africa." By J. M. Moubray. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant." By his valet, François. Translated by Mina Round. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "A History of Divorce." By S. B. Kitchin. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Plays." By August Strindberg. Translated, with an Introduction, by E. Björkman. (Duckworth. 6s.)  
 "A Lost Legionary in South Africa." By Colonel G. Hamilton-Browne. (Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Lower Depths: A Play in Four Acts." By Maxim Gorky. Translated by Laurence Irving. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Green Overcoat." By Hilaire Belloc. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)  
 "Le Romantisme en France au XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle." Par Daniel Mornet. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Une Philosophie Nouvelle: Henri Bergson." Par Edouard Le Roy. (Paris: Alcan. 2 fr. 50.)  
 "Classiques et Romantiques." Par Lucien Maury. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Jean-Jacques Rousseau Révolutionnaire." Par Albert Meynier. (Paris: Schleicher. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Dame Fortune." Roman. Par Charles Henry Hirsch. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)  
 "Die Deutsche Kriegsflotte, 1912." Von S. Toeche-Mittler. (Berlin: Mittler. M. 1.)  
 "Des Vaters Sünde." Roman. Von A. Latt-Felsberg. (Berlin: Goldschmidt. M. 3.)

PROFESSOR R. P. COWL, whose "Anthology of Imaginative Prose" was noticed in THE NATION a few weeks ago, has just finished a book dealing with the general theory of poetry in England, from the sixteenth century onwards. It attempts to exhibit the fundamental doctrines of the different schools of poetry, as well as the cardinal principles of English criticism, and its scope may be judged from the titles of some of its sections which include "Poetry as an Imitative Art," "The Imitation of Nature," "Style and Diction," "Principles of Translation," and "Theories of Creation." The book, which promises to be of great value to students of literary criticism, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan.

AMONG Mr. Murray's announcements for the early autumn is a translation, by Mr. E. B. Krehbiel, of the late M. Achilles Luchaire's Sorbonne Lectures on "Social France in the time of Philip Augustus." M. Luchaire's chapters on Louis VII., Philip Augustus, and Louis VIII. in Lavisse's great "Histoire de France" showed his mastery of the period, and the new lectures are an important contribution to the study of the thirteenth century.

THE same publisher has in the press a volume by Sir Archibald Geikie on "The Love of Nature among the Romans," an expansion of the address he gave last year as President of the Classical Association. The author examines the feeling for Nature as shown in the literature and art of Rome during the closing years of the Republic and the first century of the Empire. Palgrave's attractive "Landscape in Poetry" and the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's recent collection of essays on "Outdoor Life in the Greek and Roman Poets" are among the few English books on the subject.

AN unpublished novel by Alfred de Vigny has recently been discovered, and is now appearing in the "Revue de Paris." The work is practically complete, and deals with the career of Julian the Apostate, a theme which seems to have had a great fascination for de Vigny.

TWO of the artists whose color books are looked for with most interest each autumn are Mr. Arthur Rackham and Mr. Edmund Dulac. Both these artists have been happy in their choice of books to illustrate for the coming season. Mr. Rackham's is a fresh translation of Æsop's "Fables," which will have an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang, while Mr. Dulac is employing his art on a fresh edition of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe.

WE are glad to see that Mr. R. A. Peddie's lectures on "How to Use the British Museum Reading Room," are now to be published in book form. Mr. Peddie is a thoroughly competent bibliographer, and his advice is certain to be of great value to students. The lectures are to be published by Messrs. Grafton.

AN important book, giving a summary of recent research in bacteriology at the Pasteur Institute, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Putnams. Its title is "Microbes and Toxins," and it has chapters on the laboratory methods of diagnosis, on vaccines, and on the new drugs discovered by the investigators of chemical therapeutics. The author is M. Etienne Burnet, and Professor Metchnikoff contributes an introduction.

THERE seems to be no limit to the demand for cheap reprints of standard books. Almost every publishing firm now issues a series, and Messrs. Cassell announce that their "People's Library," started four years ago, has now reached a sale of over two million copies. The firm is very honorably associated with the movement for cheap books, as John Cassell started his "Library of History, Biography, and Science" at sevenpence a volume in 1851, and in 1886 Professor Morley began to edit the famous threepenny series known as "Cassell's National Library." The firm has just issued a small biographical directory of the authors represented in the "People's Library," which will be sent to any applicant.

MR. ALEYN LYELL READE, whose researches have added so much to our knowledge of Johnson, has just issued a second volume of his "Johnsonian Gleanings," and promises a third, in which there will be a good deal of fresh information about Johnson's boyhood. The volume now to hand is devoted to Francis Barber, Dr. Johnson's negro servant for thirty years. Barber was originally the slave of a Jamaica planter, named Bathurst, who, in Hawkins's words, "had, in great humanity, made him a Christian." There is some doubt as to the exact date when he entered Johnson's service. It is known that after a quarrel with Johnson he served for a short time in an apothecary's shop in Cheapside, and that on another occasion he ran away to sea. This latter episode must have surprised Johnson, whose dislike of the sea was so great that he thought no man would be a sailor "who had contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in jail, with the chance of being drowned." Johnson was so extremely considerate in his dealings with his negro servant that, as Mrs. Thrale tells us, when his beloved cat got so old that his digestion was too delicate for anything but a diet of oysters, Johnson used to go out and buy them himself, "that Francis the Black's delicacy might not be hurt, at seeing himself employed for the convenience of a quadruped."

WE regret to have to record the deaths of three distinguished writers during the past week. M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu (who should not be mistaken for his brother, the Professor of Political Economy at the Sorbonne) was a member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, and the author of several volumes on sociology and politics. But his greatest work was "L'Empire des Tsars," an able study of the political, economic, and social condition of Russia.—Professor Arthur Verrall enjoyed a European reputation for his editions of the Greek dramatists, while his "Euripides the Rationalist" contributed, with Professor Murray's translation, to a new study of the genius of Euripides that opened up the modern fashion of envisaging the Greek dramatists. Professor Verrall was also an authority upon the literature of our own country, and he was the first to hold the Cambridge Chair of English Literature, founded as a memorial of King Edward VII.—Mr. Shadworth Hodgson was one of the men (of whom this country has had an unusual share) who, without holding any academic post, have devoted their lives to metaphysical and psychological study. Mr. Hodgson's reputation suffered from the difficult and involved style in which his books were written, but among students of philosophy he was recognised as having made valuable contributions to the subject. His most notable books are "The Metaphysic of Experience," "The Philosophy of Reflection," and "The Theory of Practice."



## Reviews.

## THE POET AND HIS VISION.

"The Poetry Review." (The Saint Catherine Press. 6d. net. monthly.)

A PASSION for poetry must spring, it would seem, from one of two desires. Either we seek to enlarge our experience, or we seek to establish it by external and independent testimony. The former desire makes for catholicity and eager adventurousness, the latter for selection and rejection. The profoundest lesson that man has learnt in his brief history is that he must not hope for any perfect revelation of fixed and central truth, that, indeed, abstract truth is as fabulous a rumor as the philosopher's stone. We no longer hope for a happy chance that shall guide our hand to the hidden corner of the world's veil, and, enabling us to draw it aside, leave the riddle solved for ever. As to the source and destiny of this, our present life, men are forced, for all their hundred hopes and dreams, into an heroic stoicism or an heroic faith; but, rightly considered, this life itself is not a problem at all, but a vision. Not an abstract vision that we may by the grace of God come up to one of these fine days, but a definite vision created anew by every temperament. It is to state the fact too curiously to say that the external world has no existence outside our own consciousness, but every vision is wrought of this element, unchanging and self-existent it may be, and a consciousness that is distinct from all others. There is a common factor in the terror of James Thomson and the heroic courage of William Morris. The City of Dreadful Night and the windy places of Hindfell are of the same world, but they are wrought through conflicting temperaments into wholly divergent visions. Both revelations are infinitely remote from the phantom of abstract truth, yet both are eternally true with the truth of existence itself. Whether or no we are concerned in both depends upon our mental disposition. If we desire to explore the experiences of all men, then we shall approach both, not to confirm our own intuitions, but with minds gladly receptive. If we feel that the only safety in life lies in strengthening against all weather our chosen philosophic and spiritual moorings, then we shall mistrust the vision that does not coincide in some measure with our own. There is no doubt as to which course makes for riper charity among men, but it is equally certain that to some a sacrifice of such charity is necessary for their peace.

It is this factor of temperament in vision, as apart from the thing seen, that makes the classification of poets in terms of an epoch so dangerous. It is no very helpful system that couples the names of Webster and Spenser, Milton and Suckling, Blake and Gray, Wordsworth and Keats, Tennyson and Browning, Morris and Swinburne. It may be true to say that in every age there are peculiar manifestations in the general life of mankind which combine with the eternal things of nature and humanity to make up the thing seen, and that they also will combine in each case with the poet's temperament to create the vision, emphasising in some small degree the common factor in the work of the poets of an age. But beyond this it is not safe to go. It may happen at times by accident that a group of poets, working together in close intimacy or under some powerful common influence, will produce work of a like texture, but it is by accident only, and it is a consideration that never applies to poets of the first rank. Ben Jonson, the greatest of the many great men whom we do nothing to deserve, uttered one of the most superbly right phrases of criticism in literature when he said that his friend was not for an age but for all time. His word has become diluted to an echo by much repetition; but, freshly read, it contains the seed of all critical wisdom in this matter. It is almost a negligible part of the poet's function to reflect his age. Again, we turn to a master voice; the poet is to hold the mirror up to Nature, and the mirror is his own temperament. How will the world look seen through that? This, at any rate for those of us who dare embark upon the adventure at all, careless for the moment of the reflection in our own particular mirror, is our sole curiosity.

When Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" appeared, it

created a profound impression, which at least was something for a book of poems to do with an unknown name on the title-page. The sensation, however, was not one of delight in the discovery of a great new poet, but one of shock to the manners of the time. The phase of Victorianism that expressed itself in pious respectability was rudely upset by this exultant voluptuary in song, and in consequence his voluptuousness itself is commonly set down as the product of revolt, as something deliberately designed to clear the air of immoral righteousness. It was, of course, nothing of the sort, but the finely unbridled expression of the poet's temperament. It is highly improbable that Swinburne, when he was writing his first poems, or at any time save when he was making a direct challenge, gave a thought to the intellectual philistinism that he did so much to kill. It is vain to deny or to assert that the obscure power that controls the Universe sent this wholesomely corrective influence at the precisely appropriate moment, but it is clear to us that in any case the influence itself was unconscious of this particular aspect of its function, save in so far as the evil thing was an element in the great composite world that was reflected in the poet's temperament and wrought into the durable record of vision in these poems. To look upon "Poems and Ballads" as chiefly, or even considerably, important by virtue of their destructive and revolutionary qualities is wholly to misunderstand the nature of poetry. To think of them in this way is to deny them all hope of permanence, for it makes their achievement one that is necessarily forgotten with the encompassing of their purpose. It is to make anew the mistake of praising art for its destructive, rather than its creative, qualities. That manifestation of his age was, in the cosmos that Swinburne contemplated, no more than a speck of dust on the great shining pattern of life; he brushed it aside, but to suppose that it troubled him seriously or claimed more than momentary attention is to think in ill proportions.

The fact is that we are in danger of becoming the slaves of a fallacy. We have been told that the best study of history is to be found in the literature of the ages. But it is necessary to choose the literature, and that not the highest creative literature. Can it be advanced as a serious proposition that it would be possible to reconstruct, even vaguely, Greek civilisation and custom from Sophocles and Euripides, or Elizabethan England from Shakespeare, or the Commonwealth from Milton, or any age at all from Blake, or Shelley, or Morris? Of course not. There are certain superficial indications of current standards implied in the work of these men; but the only thing as to which we can pronounce with any certainty is the temperament through which they saw the eternal things. And this is, moreover, the only thing about which a passion for poetry will make us curious, whatever kind of curiosity we may have for other reasons. It is true to say that the Puritan Age helped to make Milton, and that it was in some measure responsible for the moulding of his temperament; but this does not affect the fact that our interest is in what Milton thought of the world as Milton, however he may have been fashioned, and not in what he may be able to tell us of the spiritual and intellectual opinion of Puritans in the aggregate. We honor our poets, and turn to them, not because they are like the rest of men, but because they are gloriously unlike. History, at best, is but a very vague approximation. To know the history of the world would be to see clearly into the myriad temperaments into which the world has been reflected, each making its own separate image. Now and again it is given to one in the millions to leave some record of his vision, and that man is the poet. Through this circumstance we are given the priceless privilege of unrestricted intimacy with another mind, and that, if we could but realise it, is the holiest gift that is to man. A poet can no more be the concentrated expression of an age than a mayor can of a city, and we wrong both ourselves and him if we neglect the distinction of his separate entity in seeking a kind of composite abstraction.

The nature of the poet's vision is not to be confused with his technical equipment. It is questionable whether the acutest critic could assign, say, our twelve greatest poets to their proper epochs from internal evidence. If he were able to do so, it would be from the evidence of technique, in which some sort of historical growth and development can be traced, and from stray references to inessential

things. It certainly would not be from those things of the poet's vision that were most lofty and memorable, not from the essential revelation of his temperament. A poet might have had Browning's vision in the seventeenth century, or Milton's in the nineteenth. To realise this is to realise that poetry is a thing of fundamental and eternal values, and that the vitality of its continuous manifestation through the centuries depends, not upon the slow evolution of humanity in the mass, but upon the inexhaustible caprice that bestows upon every man a strangely new temperament. The poet's business is not to express his age, but to express himself; not to reveal truth, but to reveal himself. This is not to exalt a dreamy subjectivity; to express himself fully, he must show us how the external world appears to him. But it is time that we left off talking of an age as though it were a realisable unit, instead of being, as it really is, a medley of conflicting and largely unrelated individualities, and of truth as though it were a pearl, and the only trouble was to find the right oyster. Abstractions and generalities are useful, even necessary, in the practical working of the State and institutions; but poetry has nothing to do with them; and nothing is more dangerous to our intellectual balance than to magnify their real importance. It leads us, for example, into the error of thinking that Parliament governs the country, whilst the essential things of our lives are as uncontrolled by Parliament as are the stars. The supreme distinction of poetry is that it is an eternal testimony to the richest birthright of us all, a separate personality, and the power to blend it with the external world into a new vision. Poetry is the record of the few among us who are able to find for the vision permanent expression.

It is possible for criticism to be quite logical, and yet, at the same time, quite insincere. It may be shown conclusively, for example, that Swinburne did actually destroy much that was unworthy in the days that immediately preceded him; but if we make this the chief reason of our praise, we are praising a thing that we do not very greatly value. Victorian prudery is nothing to us to-day, and we are not really deeply moved by the spectacle of its destruction. Emotionally, we treasure Swinburne's poetry because it tells us, in the highest manner of utterance of which man is capable, how one of our fellows saw the natural beauty of the world, and love, and the charities and pity of humanity, what figure the universe traced in the mirror that was his mind.

#### THE USE AND ABUSE OF HISTORY.

"Responsible Government in the Dominions." By A. B. KEITH. (Clarendon Press. 3 vols. 44s. net.)

"Lord Durham's Report on the Affairs of British North America." Edited, with an Introduction, by Sir C. P. LUCAS, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. (Clarendon Press. 3 vols. 25s. net.)

FAITH in liberty and dread of liberty—it is interesting to watch the eternal conflict of these polar instincts, even in an Empire among whose white races, at any rate, the former has definitively triumphed, and only awaits its final manifestation in the grant of autonomy to Ireland. Here are two books, the one mainly about the origin, the other mainly about the working, of responsible Government in the Dominions. Sir Charles Lucas, late of the Colonial Office, reprints the famous Durham Report, with an introductory volume of his own, together with a chapter on Home Rule for Ireland, to which he gives special prominence. Mr. A. B. Keith, who is still in the Colonial Office, expands his brief sketch of 1909, "Responsible Government in the Dominions," into three massive volumes.

Both authors have the somewhat passionless official outlook; but there the resemblance ends. Mr. Keith, in his matter-of-fact way, and with full justification, accepts as axiomatic the animating principle of the white Empire for ever linked with the name of the great Radical Imperialist, Lord Durham. He wastes no words in elaborating the obvious truth that Durham neither actually invented the principle, nor applied it with faultless perfection to Canada, nor was gifted with divine omniscience in foreseeing its future developments. Sweeping away petty distinctions of race, religion, and distance, he goes straight to the heart of the matter, enunciating, as if it were the rule of three, the central principle of free, popular government in domestic affairs,

upon which the great Report was founded, demonstrates that its application in every subsequent case was invariably attended with the same happy results, and then plunges into the main substance of his work, an exhaustive analysis of the vast and delicate mechanism—part law, part custom—which, with this vital idea pervading it, forms the constitutional fabric of the white Empire. Lastly, but always with the same unemotional, unimaginative logic, in impressive contrast alike with the rhapsodies and the threnodies of the Bismarckian School of Imperialists, he traces from Conference to Conference the irresistible effect of wider local liberty in setting in motion a counter-current towards closer Imperial unity.

Mr. Keith is to be congratulated upon the achievement of a very important work. He covers ground already ably covered by others, notably by Alpheus Todd in his classical treatise on "Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies," and by Messrs. Quick and Garran in that fascinating encyclopedia of constitutional lore, the "Annotated Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia"; but he adds much of his own, brings the whole study up to date, and gives us a work which, in range and completeness, has no competitor. The book, so far as we can test it, is accurate in detail; it is sober and weighty in substance, and is admirably well planned. But we are compelled to make one somewhat serious criticism. Since the book is likely to become standard, it is a pity that Mr. Keith did not spend another year in a pitilessly thorough revision, endeavoring to introduce more precision, dignity, and elegance, not only into a style which is too often careless and commonplace, but into the general treatment of his subject. The delay, surely, would have mattered little. The Conference of 1911 marked a definite and important era, and there will not be another until 1915, while the constitutional arrangements under the South African Union of 1909 are far from being a subject for final judgment. Mr. Keith's erudition is immense, his memory marvellous. He appears to have assimilated everything ever written about the subject here or in the colonies, from histories and law reports down to the obscurest pamphlets and periodicals. He carries, as lightly as a flower, a staggering load of legal and constitutional precedents. But he does not devote himself to cultivating the art of imparting his knowledge lucidly. He is too apt to leave the thirsty student marooned in a desert of conflicting precedents, panting for clues to the desired oasis of conclusion, and murmuring, from step to step, "mirage." As two examples among many, we may cite the studies on the disallowance of provincial laws in Canada, and on "The Governor as head of the Dominion Government." His chapters peter out in detail without any recapitulation of the steps in an exposition or any summary of results. There is a lack of grip, definition, polish, which is all the more disappointing in that Mr. Keith has the makings of a great constitutional writer. He has risen to the height of his grand theme, and he could win the secret of powerful and entertaining exposition if he were to lift his head a little higher from the desk, aim less at pure research and more at scholarship, and infuse a warmer humanity into what is, after all, a profoundly interesting study of human nature.

If Sir Charles Lucas, with his fluent ease of expression, escapes a marked defect of Mr. Keith's, he fails where Mr. Keith succeeds, because his innermost thought is weak and confused. The Durham Report, read in the light of subsequent events, really speaks for itself. The Appendices incorporated in this edition are not specially interesting, though we are heartily grateful for Charles Buller's narrative of the expedition to Canada, now published for the first time. Narratives of the events in Canada which led to Durham's mission, and commentaries on the Report are to be found in a dozen histories, Canadian and English; and it must be said at once that the story has been told with greater simplicity and impartiality than Sir Charles Lucas exhibits. What induced him to add the chapter on Home Rule for Ireland and to give this unhappy excursion into modern politics, with its fatal revelation of historical bias, such gratuitous prominence, it is difficult to conceive. Without it a critic might be limited to saying that here was one of those historians who delight in veiling the landmarks of history, in cooling enthusiasm for some great man or event by proving that he or it were not all they seemed, that the



event was, after all, the inevitable climax of a quite ordinary course of development, and that the man was not a creative genius but an erring mortal, making brilliant use of old ideas without wholly foreseeing how far they were of universal value, and how far they were defective. Add a variety of speculations, based on the letter, not on the living spirit, of Durham's teaching, as to what he would have thought about analogous problems in a later age if he had not died before even seeing his own solution applied to his own special problem, and we have a not unfair summary of Sir Charles Lucas's work. Nor is this criticism weakened by the author's proclivity for timidly ambiguous utterance, as though he were writing with a view to all contingencies. If Home Rule succeeds, he will be able to defend the hostile innuendoes in his chapter about it by pointing to some isolated passages elsewhere and to a page of vague rhetoric at the end of his Introduction, where he hints that perhaps Durham did give a message of permanent and world-wide significance, and invokes the Creator to bless an Empire which places implicit faith in his principles. Of all men and events under the sun, Durham and his Report are the least suitable for such dissection. Amidst a storm of Tory obloquy, he did his imperishable work for the Empire in a single year, 1838-9, and never saw its fruits. The next year he died, eight years, that is, before his son-in-law, Lord Elgin, again in a storm of Tory and Orange obloquy, put into resolute practice in Canada the principle of responsible government, and twenty-seven years before the dissolution in 1867 of that unnatural Union of the two Canadas, which was the one blot on Durham's noble scheme. Nineteen more years elapsed before the first Irish Home Rule Bill of 1886, and twenty further years before responsible government was given to the conquered Boer States in a bi-racial case closely resembling that of Lower Canada. It is now seventy-three years since the Report was printed. Far in advance of his time as he was, derided for a treasonable visionary, if Durham had lived the normal span of life he would have seen his cardinal idea justified and his mistake in distrusting the French exposed. If we speculate at all about what his attitude would have been towards South Africa and Ireland, surely we can assume, not merely that he would have been a Home Ruler for both, but that, if he had wielded high influence, South Africa would not have been drenched in blood and Ireland involved in the anarchy and misery of the last half of the nineteenth century.

"There is no great profit," says Sir Charles Lucas in one of his curious efforts to "hedge," "in speculating as to what view a man long dead would have taken of a political question of the present day," and he then proceeds to bind poor Durham to the wheel of modern Unionism; for if the chapter is not meant for an immediate political purpose, it is meaningless and superfluous. We need not review his list of distinctions—some superficial, some false—between Canada and Ireland, because he leaves them in the air, unsupported by argument or close analysis, and lays his whole dialectical stress on the analogy between the Canadian Union and the Anglo-Irish Union. The facts here are simple. Durham advocated responsible government for a united Canada, but not for the two separate provinces, the one British, the other predominantly French, though both were in rebellion from the same cause—coercive government. Like ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen of his day, he knew less about Ireland—near as it was—than about Canada, and was against all Irish claims for autonomy. He applied the same reasoning to Lower Canada, rejecting on second thoughts the proposal urged upon him for a Federation of the two provinces, and advocating Union upon Irish grounds: "The experience of the two Unions in the British Isles may teach us how effectually the strong arm of a popular Legislature would compel the obedience of the refractory population" (Vol. II., p. 308)—an argument which no enlightened Unionists now dare to use of Ireland, and none would dream of using of Scotland. The point is that he was proved to be wrong. His dread of French disloyalty and tyranny was unfounded; his dream of compulsory Anglicisation hopeless. The dissolution of the Union, long after his death, in favor of the Federal system he had discarded in a weaker mood, was only deferred by the supreme virtues of responsible government, applied to a single unified administration and a Legislature in which the two old provinces had a rigidly equal representation. Ireland, under a

separate, despotic administration, and in a helpless minority in Parliament, suffered without escape.

These vital points are lost on Sir Charles Lucas. Emphasising the parallel with the Canadian Union, he never even mentions its failure, praises Durham for his willingness to apply "coercion" in a proper case, and ends the chapter with a solemn warning which might have been designed for quotation in a Unionist electoral leaflet.

His account of events in Canada from 1791 to 1840 appears to be framed so as to lead up to this warning. All the numerous and striking points of resemblance between Irish and Canadian conditions, for example, in the land and Church troubles, and in the identical ways of expressing their feeling common to Ulster and the ascendant minorities in the two Canadian provinces, are minimised or ignored. At the end the reader is left wondering what all the trouble was about. He hears a great deal about the vagaries of an impertinent and unreasonable Assembly, and almost nothing about the constitutional absurdities which rendered representative government a farce. He hears much praise of veteran military governors and "patriotic" minorities, and much veiled censure for hare-brained agitators, and for the "fatuous and abortive" rebellions which, nevertheless, in Canada, though not in Ireland, led directly to such a vast and beneficent revolution in Imperial policy. At the best, he is left with the impression that the old *régime*, instead of being an actively demoralising and retarding influence, was a necessary and salutary stage in the life of a young people. Exactly the same pernicious reasoning, avowedly based on this same Canadian precedent, was applied by the Tory Government to the Transvaal of 1905, in the proposal for a Crown Colony constitution similar to that which promoted racialism, stagnation, and ultimately civil war in Canada. "Utterly rotten," Mr. Keith, in his blunt way, calls the Lyttelton Constitution. Sir Charles Lucas ignores it, though he twice hints broadly that Durham might have approved of it. This is not the way to use history or to respect the memory of a great man.

#### THE CROWN OF SORROW.

"The Widow in the Bye-Street." By JOHN MASEFIELD.  
(Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE do not know if it is possible to read this poem straight through from end to end. It is not very long—under a hundred pages; and it is written with perfect simplicity. There is no stanza or line in the least difficult to understand. The words fall in their natural order, as in good prose and the best verse. There is no straining, no literary artifice, no attempt to rise to grandeur. It is only a tale of common village life, written in the common language of the country—not in dialect or provincialism, but just the common language that everyone understands at first hearing. And there is no subtlety of character, no elaborate analysis of unusual or problematic souls. The four people of the story are just the ordinary figures of English working life, or of human working life, for that matter. It is a tale of man's nature reduced to its simplest terms, both in motive and style. But yet we do not know if it would be possible for anyone to read it through at one sitting.

It is too poignant. The sense of pity is too overwhelming to be long endured. After four or five pages one feels it cannot be any longer borne. One has to shut the book and go about the ordinary day's business; else it would too deeply color the outer world; it would submerge the world. The tale is common; a mother's old love for her son; his young love for a light woman; his jealousy, and sudden, half-drunken, devastating rage; his end upon the scaffold, and the mother's dazed, half-witted, yearning memory of happier things. That is all—a tale that is told at each assizes. But here it is told with so quiet and terrible a truth, with so stern a restraint from sticky pathos, and with a human pity scarcely uttered and yet so profoundly suggested that, as we said, the poignancy is hardly to be endured because it infects the daily life too much. Here are but common deeds—the things that juries sit on every month. But, as Lady Macbeth says, these deeds must not be thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad.

If we realised the truth of common destiny like this,



either the temper of the whole world would have to be changed, or life could not go on. Pity and sorrow would make life impossible. We should be unable to face the anguish of sympathy imposed on us by the events of every day, the records of every newspaper. Such things are hard enough to bear as it is. We can only support them by deliberately shutting our eyes, or by hardening our hearts against the full misery of their sorrow. Mr. Zangwill, himself so poignant in his aspect of life, has lately used the parable of the linnet that sings better blind. Blindness to the depth of such sorrows as these is essential, not only for the common poetic singing of literature, but for life itself. If we saw the events of common life as the poet sees them here, and if our utmost effort could be of no avail to turn the common destiny from its course, we could not go on. Happy is the man who is truly blind or entirely callous; he can sing like the linnet, cultivating literature blindly at his ease; or he can stamp, or hustle, or flutter through life untouched, fretting not himself because of the evil. Such a man alone possesses some chance of happiness.

The tale is told in seven-line stanzas of perfect simplicity, as we said, even the order of words hardly, if at all, departing from the order of prose, or showing the least consciousness of difficulty in rhyme. Take two examples of the manner. Take this first from the beginning, where the life of the widow is described, stitching at shrouds to keep her child, and make him plump:—

"Sometimes she wandered out to gather sticks,  
For it was bitter cold there when it snowed,  
And she stole hay out of the farmer's ricks,  
For hands to wrap her feet in while she sowed,  
And when her feet were warm, and the grate glowed,  
She hugged her little son, her heart's desire,  
With 'Jimmy, ain't it snug beside the fire?'"

And now take the companion picture from the end, where the lonely mother remembers the past. We begin in the middle of a stanza:—

"And there are all his clothes, but never him.  
He's down under the prison, in the dim,  
With quicklime working on him to the bone,  
The flesh I made, with many and many a groan."

"Oh, how his little face came, with bright hair,  
Dear little face. We made this room so snug;  
He sit beside me in his little chair,  
I give him real tea sometimes in his mug.  
He liked the velvet in the patchwork rug,  
He used to stroke it, did my pretty son,  
He called it Bunny, little Jimmie done."

"The flesh I made"—yes, one remembers Tennyson's Ritzpah gathering up under the gallows the bones that had stirred in her side. That last stanza comes rather nearer to ordinary pathos than anything else in the poem; but it appears to us to be saved from sugary sentiment by the mother's common English. We cannot quite tell why, unless it is that with the poor that kind of pathos is common and passionately genuine. Not truer, but more uncommon, and stern in its truth is the mother's fear when she discovers her son is in love with the evil woman, and that she will lose her one happiness, support, and all:—

"O God, dear God, don't let the woman take  
My little son, God, not my little Jim,  
O God, I'll have to starve if I lose him."

It is Crabbe raised to a higher power.

But, indeed, she had lost him already, though the end was still some way in front. From the very beginning we read, "and all the time Fate had his end prepared." All through the poem we are made conscious of Fate moving the pieces, playing the game of doom, knotting the noose, weaving the shroud. There is something of Mr. Hardy's "Immanent Will" always at work, grimly bringing the catastrophe to pass, as though by a random succession of accidents. We wish we could quote in full three great stanzas in different parts of the poem—the one beginning, "So the four souls are ranged, the chess-board set"; the second beginning, "So off they set, with Anna talking to her"; and the third, "She turned and left the inn, and took the path." But we will take only the second:—

"So off they set, with Anna talking to her,  
How nice the tea would be after the crowd,  
And mother thinking half the time she knew her,  
And Jimmy's heart's blood ticking quick and loud,  
And Death beside him, knitting at his shroud,  
And all the High Street babbling with the fair,  
And white October clouds in the blue air."

One remembers Keats in "Isabella; or, the Pot of Basil":—

"So the two brothers and their murdered man  
Rode past fair Florence."

But we can remember no truer picture of a fine young soul and body rushed by the power of love. Under the onset of that invasion, all else is expelled. He cares no more for his work or his wages, his fellows or his mother. He speculates on his mother's death, and longs for it to set him free. He thinks only of being with his love, of pouring gifts upon her, and giving her delight. Then comes the moment when, through her window, he sees her fall naked into the arms of another man. Then the drunkenness, the blow at once repented, the trial:—

"Guilty. Thumbs down. No hope. The judge passed sentence;  
'A frantic, passionate youth, unfit for life,  
A fitting time afforded for repentance,  
Then certain justice, with a pitiless knife.  
For her, his wretched victim's widowed wife,  
Pity, for her who bore him, pity. (Cheers.)  
The jury were exempt for seven years.'"

And so to the stanza ending:—

"Now, Gurney, come, my dear; it's time," they said,  
And ninety seconds later he was dead."

The poem has not the interludes of wild humor and dashing spirits that are so fine in "The Everlasting Mercy." Nor is it, in the ordinary sense, so consolatory. It is different; we should not care to call it greater or less. But we think that, as a whole, it is a finer triumph of poetry, because it retains more steadily a very high level. From that level, indeed, it never descends. There is no bathos in it, no weakness, falsity, or stumbling. Taken for all in all, we regard it as the poet's noblest achievement. It sanctifies the common life, and fulfils the great poetic purpose of revelation. In the stress and turmoil of our present life, it is only by work of this quality that poetry can maintain her position as the highest form of expression in words.

#### DANCES AND DELIGHT.

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WE dance—or should dance—because we must. That, after all, is the root-secret which underlies all the true delight that dancing can bring. We are one with the stars in their courses and the puppy chasing its tail round the hearth-rug. The universal energy stirs within us, and we dance. Motion is the first law of life. Each one of us danced before he had either a personality, a name, or a soul—while he was still in his mother's womb. From the first flicker of vitality to the last gleam from dying eyes, life is worth living, from Nature's point of view, just in so far as it dances. Dancing is super-Nature—the one glorious "extra" that Nature, with all its toil of production and selection and food-distribution, strives after and creates—for, apparently, no ulterior purpose. It is the primal expression of joy in every living thing. Like the songs of birds—who dance as well as sing—it has its association with the great purpose of sex, but not nearly so definitely. It can happen independently, and without any further stimulus than life itself. In a mystical way—mystical in the purest Wordsworthian sense—it pervades inanimate nature. The profoundest thing that science can tell us of the universe is that it dances, from sun-systems of unthinkable vastness to the tiniest atom that whirls within its little kingdom of motionless matter. In a fancy born of something deeper than human sympathy, the sea dances with "innumerable laughter." So does the breeze-stirred forest, and the sun itself "upon an Easter-day." Dancing is the one instinctive art which we share with the whole of creation—an art which is not the decoration of use, but a needless, ineffectual thing, at once a simple fact and an unfathomable mystery. Anyone can explain to us why we should surround our senses with beautiful pictures, beautiful furniture, beautiful music, elaborations of sound and form, and even motion. But, simple though it may be, no one can fitly explain to us why we ourselves should dance, if it is not that Nature tells us to.

Now, if it be true that impersonal Nature—our tyrant foe—is for ever striving to create this simple expression

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of joy, it stands to reason that the more man's individual will asserts itself, the farther away he will be from the very joy that dancing expresses. Superman may do much, but he will not dance; and as one reads the story of dancing throughout the centuries—as, for instance, in Miss Umlin's little book—one finds that, sure enough, dancing and joy have been, with every advance of civilisation, farther and farther divorced. The one has been elaborated, here into a ritual, there into an art; the other has dwindled and dwindled, until the most joyous thing that some of us can do is to look at other people expressing to us—or, rather, pretending to express—the idea that they are happy. There is, of course, the marriage-market dancing of the ball-room; but that, after all, is little more than a social convention. When people without marriageable daughters or sons will be sending out cards for a dance to be given in the morning and in the open air, one may begin to believe that they are doing it out of undiluted joy of heart.

All this seems simple enough, but it is wonderful how much these elementary truths about dancing are ignored by those who talk and write of it. Thus one is perpetually coming across the notion—indeed, practically every history of dancing, the present volume included, helps to propagate the fallacy—that dancing sprang from religious ritual; as if dancing did not go back to a state of existence long before humanity had evolved anything so elaborate as a religion at all! Dancing cannot have begun otherwise than as a purely instinctive affair—as impersonal and spontaneous as the wheeling of fireflies round a twilight pool. The dance of joy over the conquered foe, the primitive phallic dances, both have their animal prototypes—in the pirouetting of a cat over a mouse, in the strutting of pigeon and peacock. Man must have danced long before his actions could have been governed by any self-conscious dogma. He must have danced when there was no dividing line between religion and his daily instincts and necessities. He danced for joy. When that joy became insincere and unspontaneous, then the dance became a "religious" ritual. When once it became a ritual, all the further developments followed inevitably. From celebrating a victory after the battle, the savage mind must have passed easily enough to the notion that the dance itself had an influence and a value. So arrived the whole host of propitiatory dances, of initiation dances like those of the medicine men—all based, one way or another, on a simple misunderstanding of the scientific relation between cause and effect. So, too, with nature-worship dances, from the astronomical dances of Egypt and Greece, showing forth the motions of the planets, to our own rough-and-ready reminders of the "Here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush" order. It is useless to suppose that, because in them dancing was once upon a time used for devotional purposes, therefore it was religion that inspired the idea of dancing.

It is well to keep this in mind, for however long religion and dancing are bound up with each other, there comes a time when they part company. We are living in an age when this has happened, and is happening. It is becoming a commonplace to recall that Puritanism and dancing are antagonistic—that England ceased to dance when it ceased to be Catholic. Superficially, there seems to be something in the contention. We go to Brittany, to Italy, to Spain, to Southern Germany—we find a peasantry to whom dancing is the very breath of life. We find at Grenoble, and elsewhere, dancing-processions still making their way to the local shrine, under the immediate auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. We remember that, in the "Merrie England" of Catholic days, the "brawl," the morris-dance, maypole merry-makings, and the like, gave a color and jollity to village life for which we look in vain now. But it is completely wrong to contend that this has really any connection with these or those religious tenets. It is not a question of dogma, but of responsibility and of a scientific education. One has only to educate a man, to give him responsibility and dignity, the mastery of his own soul, of his own beliefs, the assertion of his own will, and he will soon stop dancing. In a great measure, the dancing of a "jocund peasantry"—the dancing that is just the joy of life—goes with illiteracy; and Catholic England was, in the main, illiterate. How little the whole affair has to do with any difference between the tenets of Catholic and Protestant may be seen in the fact that any illiterate peasantry, whether the Kroo-boys of the West African Coast

or the old-time Maoris of New Zealand, or the Malays of Borneo, will dance and sing for nights and days together. In England itself educated Catholics of the upper classes show no more desire than the Protestants do to set up maypoles in their back gardens and dance round them, although there is nothing on earth to stop them doing so. As a matter of fact, they are, for the most part, quite as much inclined to recognise that nearly all such dances have nothing to do with Catholic doctrine at all, but are simply relics of paganism.

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"Les Dieux ont Soif" is not so brilliant, so witty, so intentionally satirical as "L'Ile des Pingouins." But it is a fine sketch of history. Its centre is in the brief career of Evariste Gamelin, a young painter of the David school, a jurymen of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and a member of the General Council of the Paris Commune. Rising with Robespierre and falling with him, a model of the cruel and sincere sectary of the Terror, Gamelin embodies and enforces the prim and dangerous fanaticism that possessed his chief and hero. M. France is careful to surround this figure with every kind of delicately suggested contrast and relief. He has even discovered a new M. Bergeret, and Maurice Brotteaux, the ci-devant, atheist and epicurean observer of life, maker of puppets and epigrams, must gently mount the rostrum, and finally the guillotine, and, pocket Lucretius in his hand, preach the vanity of revolutions and their end. But it is in his picture of the average life of Paris under the Terror that M. France is most admirable. Nothing is wanting to convince the reader that this is a veritable picture of a society that existed, and all through its tremendous excitement and fear and intense national purpose, fulfilled its human business of loving and hating, and buying and selling. Gamelin's mother is always obsessed by the rise in the price of food; the poor little fille de joie by the Puritan Jacobinism which would spoil her trade; the print-seller by the necessity of being in the fashion in the print business; the trimmer of keeping his head on his shoulders. Politics influence everything, and create a fickle, time-serving, intensely watchful Paris. Boucher and Fragonard prints go



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out with the Jacobins, and come in again with the Muscadins. Love, indeed—venal, sensual, pure, horrible—goes on always; and the misery of the streets and the wretchedness of the poor. But even in love there is fashion; and Elodie, Gamelin's mistress, is never long out of it. No one is consistent. Gamelin shares his last crust with a woman with a child at her breast, and dreams of a merciful and innocent society, purged of "scélérats" whom he sends by the score to the guillotine, including the woman who made him a jurymen. But M. France is never far from suggesting that the ground-swell of these emotional storms is the sense of national unity, the zeal for deliverance from the external foe, and for the final settlement of the State. How, reasons the Jacobin, shall France be saved? Only by the men of virtue. Moderation hurts her; sans-culottist violence hurts her; Danton hurt her; Chaumette and his atheism being the most hurtful of all, Robespierre and his Supreme Being must be her only salvation. The Jacobin spirit is unselfish, for it takes no account of failure and death; it is practical, for it is the main force in the desperate organisation of national defence; it is even moral, for it aims at a definite renovation of life. And, if it erred and sinned, did it not take its two fatal errors—the creation of a magistracy dependent on the Executive and the denial of free opinion—from the Monarchy and the Inquisition? Even the justice of the Revolutionary Tribunal, with its replacement of evidence by the misleading impulses of party passion, becomes in Bergeret-Brotteaux's mocking description of it, a "bright-infernal" idealism:—

"Citoyen" (says Brotteaux to Gamelin on the latter's appointment as jurymen) "vous êtes investi d'une magistrature auguste et redoutable. Je vous félicite de prêter les lumières de votre conscience à un tribunal plus sûr et moins faillible peut-être que tout autre, parce qu'il recherche le bien et le mal, non point en eux-mêmes et dans leur essence, mais seulement par rapport à des intérêts tangibles et à des sentiments manifestes. Vous aurez à vous prononcer entre la haine et l'amour, ce qui se fait spontanément, non entre la vérité et l'erreur, dont le discernement est impossible au faible esprit des hommes. Jugeant d'après les mouvements de vos cœurs, vous ne risquerez pas de vous tromper, puisque le verdict sera bon pourvu qu'il contente les passions qui sont votre loi sacrée."

It is easy to imagine M. France's pitiful humor at work on these ideas and on the men and women who were their slaves in the Jacobin period. It pleases him to bring together the most opposite types; to conduct a gentle theological polemic between Brotteaux and an ex-religious whom he succors, and to place between these amiable disputants, on their last journey together to the Place de la Révolution, the child-prostitute whom the old viveur has saved from the agents of the Committee of Public Safety. They come to no agreement, save the human one that Père Longuemare asks his fellow-victim to pray for him to the God he does not believe in, on the ground that he has the more natural taste for goodness, and that Brotteaux in his turn admits the social usefulness of religion:—

"Il se défendait toutefois de vouloir attaquer la religion, qu'il estimait nécessaire aux peuples: il eût souhaité seulement qu'elle eût pour ministres des philosophes et non des controversistes. Il déplorait que les jacobins voulussent la remplacer par une religion plus jeune et plus maligne, par la religion de la liberté, de l'égalité, de la république, de la patrie. Il avait remarqué que c'est dans la vigueur de leur jeune âge que les religions sont le plus furieuses et le plus cruelles, et qu'elles s'apaisent en vieillissant. Aussi, souhaitait-il qu'on gardât le catholicisme, qui avait beaucoup dévoré de victimes au temps de sa vigueur, et qui maintenant, appesanti sous le poids des ans, d'appétit médiocre, se contentait de quatre ou cinq rôis d'hérétiques en cent ans."

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"This to be Love, that your spirit to live in a natural holiness with the Beloved, and your bodies to be a sweet and natural delight that shall be never lost of a lovely mystery. . . . And shame to be unborn, and all things to go wholesome and proper, out of an utter greatness of understanding; and Man to be an Hero and a Child before the Woman; and the Woman to be an Holy Light of the Spirit and an Utter Companion and in the same time a glad Possession unto the Man. . . . And this doth be Human Love. . . ."  
" . . . for this to be the especial glory of Love, that it doth make unto all Sweetness and Greatness, and doth be a fire burning in all Littleanness; so that did all in this world to have met The Beloved, then did Wantonness be dead, and there to grow Gladness and Charity, dancing in the years."

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It has been a dull and uninteresting week, with a receding tendency in many directions. No doubt one cause of inactivity is the excitement about the Republican Convention at Chicago, which has been a damper on all American speculation. The news from Mexico is decidedly better, and the Cuban negro insurrection declines. At home, the Nigerian tin revelations have effectively damped the ardor of the speculative public so far as mines are concerned, and the supposed discovery of a new synthetic rubber which can be produced profitably at a cost of 2s. 6d. per lb. has sent a fresh depression through the Rubber Share Market. The announcement, however, though made by a Manchester Chemical Professor, is regarded with scepticism by some experts, who say that they are accustomed to such discoveries, which have never yet turned out in practice what they seemed to promise in theory. The most encouraging feature has been the rally in Consols, which occurred on Thursday after another fit of weakness. The Government, it seems, is going to use a substantial part of the suspended surplus for its proper purpose of extinguishing Consols. The relief was much needed, for the gilt-edged market has been overloaded with new issues, conspicuously the Danish and New Zealand loans. The Money Market is tight, and will be so till the end of the half-year, as the banks are now preparing for their half-yearly accounts. Berlin is evidently uncomfortable, and the banks are making great efforts to get straight. Money is very dear there, and special charges are being made for short loans and discounts.

## GERMAN THREES.

The present price of German Imperial Three per Cents. is 79, and follows on a marked weakness in Berlin, due to heavy liquidation. The Banks are trying to put themselves in order after a period of dangerous speculation, and so Government securities are being sold. At 79 German Three per Cents. yield just about £3 16s. (3 4-5 per cent.) per annum, while French Rentes at 93½ yield about 3 1-5 per cent., French and British credit being now very much on a par. If we look back to the pre-Boer War days we find that

British 2½ per cents., of which a small amount already existed at that time, rose to about 110, while German Threes got almost to par and French Threes to 103.

## A CHEAP WAR.

According to a French estimate, the war between Italy and Turkey has been quite a cheap one, though twice as costly as the Italian Government would make out. If the computation of the Paris market is correct, Turkey has been spending less than one-fourth as much as Italy, namely, £400,000 per month against about £1,800,000 per month for Italy. But it is admitted that the Italian average was much increased when Italy's 120,000 soldiers were being transported to Tripoli, and also in the last few weeks by the naval expedition into the Eastern Mediterranean. Since the war has now lasted over eight months, the total military outlay should, on this estimate, have been some £3,300,000 for Turkey, and perhaps about 16 to 20 millions sterling for Italy. Italy has raised the necessary money by selling Treasury bonds; Turkey partly by selling Treasury bonds, partly by borrowing from the Ottoman Bank, with the understanding that the obligations are to be covered by a fixed loan to be issued on the return of peace, which is to be secured by certain Customs receipts. Italy has borrowed at a little over 4 per cent. in Paris and London, Turkey at about 6 per cent. Italy has not so far made a further issue of permanent stock; but, nevertheless, the war has caused a substantial fall in Italian Three and a-Half per Cents., which had risen to 103 before the war, and have now fallen to 95. As modern wars go, this has been a relatively cheap one. As against Italy's estimated daily average war outlay of, say, sixty or seventy thousand pounds, the Boer War cost England £250,000 per day for two and a half years, and the Manchurian War cost Russia and Japan about £300,000 per day apiece during a year and a half of fighting. It may be added that in time of peace our own expenditure upon Army and Navy is now about £200,000 a day.

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THE twentieth ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING was held on the 18th inst at the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, Sir JESSE BOOT (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

The CHAIRMAN said: This is the twentieth annual meeting, so that next year the Company will attain its majority. You will note from the report sent out to you that we have had a satisfactory year. We have brought up the Contingency Fund to £8,000, added £1,000 to the Freehold Reserve Fund, and increased the "carry forward" by £1,268, bringing it up to £12,369, as against £11,000 required to pay one year's Preference dividends. This for ourselves.

Now, as to our employees. We have been able to bring the Provident Fund up to £21,000. In addition to this Fund, and some profit-sharing plans which we have had for some years in operation, we propose adding another scheme, which we feel sure will give great satisfaction to our managers. We have all along been desirous that our men, especially the managers of the branches, should feel continually a more personal and proprietary interest in the business. By their industry and zeal they can give us immense help in increasing and consolidating our trade, and we are always anxious on our part to do all we can to recognise their efforts. A large number of our managers are shareholders with us. Some have quite a considerable holding, and to encourage them further to take up shares, and as part of our profit-sharing plans, we have been considering a scheme which would put them at a greater advantage in taking up shares. It is this:—

"That this year, both in this Company and all the associated companies, I propose to pay branch managers on all shares held for twelve months on March 31st, 1912, at present standing in their own or their wives' names, a bonus of 2½ per cent., which is equal to a bonus dividend of that amount. Each of the associated companies will pay the 2½ per cent. bonus on any of its shares held by any branch manager or the wife of any branch manager of any of the companies. I hope, and I quite think, that we shall be able to continue this policy annually."

I do not contemplate paying this bonus on shares taken up in the future at the rate of more than 100 shares per annum, or 500 in all for each person, for the start at any rate, but I hope it will come to a big thing in time.

With respect to the National Insurance Act, this Company, in conjunction with our other associated companies, has set on foot an approved society for the employees. Out of 7,000 over 6,000 signified their intention to become members. After deducting from the 7,000 those who were not eligible because they were receiving salaries in excess of £160 per annum, very few were left who had not signified their wish to join us. On sending out formal requests for membership, we have actually to-day accepted 5,200 after sorting those not acceptable through being under age, or for any other cause. We feel sure that by forming our own approved insurance society we shall be able to benefit our employees, and we trust that for any extra sum we may have to pay we shall be in some measure recouped by the increased health and working powers of the staff. The amount payable by this Company in respect of the National Insurance Act will, however, be of very moderate proportions, as only about one-sixth of the total number of employees above mentioned are in its direct employ. I do not think I need say any more at the moment, and conclude by moving "That the accounts be received and the distribution of the profits as recommended in the printed report be and is hereby adopted."

SIR JAMES DUCKWORTH, in seconding the resolution, said success appeared to attend them all along the line, and they must all feel greatly gratified that the desire with which the managing director set out—that the business should be a benefit, not only to himself, but to all who took part in the concern—had been achieved. If all large employers of labor were as firmly determined to carry out what they believed to be right between the employer and employed, he thought there would not be so much industrial unrest in the country as was being experienced at the present time.

The report and accounts were adopted unanimously.

Mr. JOHN BOOR moved the re-election of Mr. E. S. Waring as a director of the Company. This was agreed to, and Mr. WARING, in thanking the meeting for re-electing him on the directorate, said he felt very proud to be associated with such a successful and prosperous Company.

After the auditors had been re-elected, a vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman and Board. The Chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said they hoped to maintain the standard which they had reached.

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